

THREE-PART MUSIC

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THREE-PART MUSIC

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GINN AND COMPANY

BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LONDON

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WASHINGTIN



The Atheneum Press
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MUSIC

The God of Music dwelleth out of doors.
All seasons through his minstrelsy we meet,
Breathing by field and covert haunting-sweet;
From organ-lofts in forests old he pours
A solemn harmony; on leafy floors
To smooth Autumnal pipes he moves his feet,
Or with the tingling plectrum of the sleet
In Winter keen beats out his thrilling scores.
Leave me the reed unplucked beside the stream
And he will stoop and fill it with the breeze;
Leave me the viol's frame in secret trees,
Unwrought, and it shall make a druid theme;
Leave me the whispering shell on Nereid shores.
The God of Music dwelleth out of doors.

EDITH M. THOMAS

192691

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Three-Part Music" is the result of an effort to present a collection of songs and choruses which is so representative and significant that its use need not be restricted to any definite age or grade. In the preparation of this book, therefore, the editors have derived much benefit from the coöperation of a large group of educators, musicians, and authors.

They are under particular obligations to Miss Helen S. Leavitt, who has given valuable assistance in musical contribution and research, as well as in literary criticism and investigation.

They are grateful to Mr. Robert Hillyer, Dr. Denis A. McCarthy, Miss Abbie Farwell Brown, and others who have provided poems not only of high literary merit but also poems which are lyrical and adapted to musical treatment.

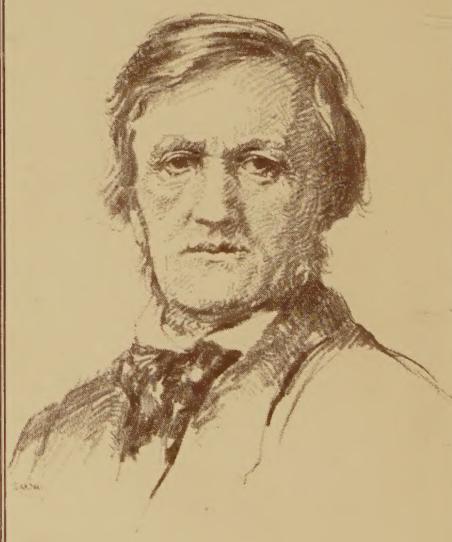
They also wish to thank the larger group who by encouragement and definite suggestions have made this collection more valuable and effective.

Acknowledgment is due to Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to use "Music," by Edith M. Thomas, "Indian Summer," by John G. Whittier, and "Robin's Rain Song," by Celia Thaxter; to Little, Brown & Company for permission to use "Chartless," by Emily Dickinson; to The Century Company for permission to use "Robin, Good-by," by S. M. Chatfield; to Theodore Presser and Company for permission to use "My Lady" and "Go, Lovely Rose," by W. H. Neidlinger; to Mr. Folger McKinsey for permission to use "Autumn"; to Ed. Bote and Bock for permission to use "The Wanderer's Song," music by Volkmar Andreae and English version by Frederick Martens; to Frederick A. Stokes Company for "The Call of Spring," words from "The Call of Spring" in Collected Poems, Volume II, by Alfred Noyes. Used by Permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company, copyright, 1913.



Tschaikowsky

Saint-Saëns



Mendelssohn

Wagner

THREE-PART MUSIC

THE DAUNTLESS

ROBERT HILLYER

Maestoso
mf

EDWARD HEWITT

1. Not ours to fear the chang-ing tide of Fate; . . .
2. The daunt-less one who finds his cho-sen course . . .
3. There's noth-ing life can of - fer us which bars . . .

Not ours to fear the
The daunt-less one who
There's noth-ing life can

We know our chart-ed course lies clear and
Meets ev-'ry hos-tile pow'r with all his
Our splen-did way be-tween tri-umphant

chang-ing tide of Fate;
finds his cho-sen course
of - fer us which bars

We Meets Our

straight, And though there lurk some
force, And knows that though the
stars; No dark-ness falls as

know our chart-ed course lies clear and straight,
ev-'ry hos-tile pow'r with all his force,
splen-did way be-tween tri-umphant stars; *cres.*

foes be-yond con-trol, Storm-y night, and
strong, per-sist-ent gale Bow him down un-
we dis-arm our foes, Ask-ing not when

cres. *cen.* *do.*
And though there lurk some foes be-yond con-
And knows that though a-against the strong-est
No dark-ness falls as we dis-arm our

THE DAUNTLESS (CONTINUED)

cen - do f

snow - y wind, and rock - y shoal, Forth fares the soul.
 til he strive with - out a - avail, No man can fail.
 comes the time for long re - pose. Light ev - er grows.

f

trol, Through wind and rock - y shoal, Forth . fares the soul.
 gale He strive with - out a - avail, No : man can fail.
 foes; We ask not for re - pose, Light : ev - er grows.

AT CLOSE OF DAY

ROBERT HILLYER

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Arranged

Andantino mp

1. Now the wind that turns the mill . . . Sinks to
 2. Now the twi - light folds the frond, Star - light
 3. Soft - ly, calm - ly, day - light goes Through the

slum - ber on Sun - set Hill; Voic - es die and leaves are
 trem - bles a - cross the pond; Dark - ness lulls the hills be -
 por - tals that no man knows; All things lost in vast re -

p

still; Slum - ber al - so, O heart of mine.
 yond; Slum - ber al - so, O heart of mine.
 pose; Slum - ber al - so, O heart of mine.

CHARTLESS

7

EMILY DICKINSON

*Moderato
mp*

HELEN S. LEAVITT

I nev - er saw a moor, I nev - er
 mp

saw the sea, Yet know I how the heath-er looks and
 moor, nor saw the sea,

what a wave must be. I nev - er spoke with God, Nor
 vis - it made in heav'n, Yet cer-tain am I of the spot As
 I know the spot as
 if the chart were giv'n, As if the chart were giv'n.
 if the chart were giv'n, As if the chart, the chart were giv'n.

WHEN MUSIC SOUNDS

NELLIE POORMAN

*Maestoso
mf*

WILL EARHART

1. Sound forth a theme, vi - o - lins, rich and mel - low,
 2. Flute, dul - cet - toned, pipe a - gain strain en - tranc-ing,
 3. Throb,throb, ye drums, with a wild rhyth-mic beat - ing,

Sweet ech - o make, sol - emn bass, ten - der cel - lo;
 Bring us a vi - sion of fair maid - ens danc - ing;
 Stir - ring com - mand to the heart e'er re - peat - ing;

Con - jure bright dreams with thy tone, vi-brant, swell-ing,
 Speak, ev - 'ry reed, with a cool, pen-sive ac-cent,
 Peal, mar - tial trumpets, tell the glo - ry of bat - tle,

Wake with thy har - mo - ny all love-ly things of earth.
 Bear us a fresh -'ning breath of ear-ly morn in spring.
 Rouse ev - 'ry sol - dier with thy loud and war - like note.

Sound, choir of strings, in the meas - ure in - spir - ing,
 Blithe - ly the glad - ness of na - ture now voic - ing,
 Sound now, ye choirs, in har - mo - ni - ous tell - ing,

WHEN MUSIC SOUNDS (CONTINUED)

9

Touch ev-’ry heart with thy mu - sic as - pir - ing.
Min - gling with rap - ture a note of re - joic - ing.
Won - drous thy mu - sic, all dis - cord dis - pell - ing.

A FLOWER LEGEND

M. LOUISE BAUM
Con grazia

MARY ROOT KERN

1. A climb - ing plant of hum - ble race Dis-
2. A spi - der from the twin - ing stem Threw
3. The tale is told by whis - p’ring winds And

turb’d the gar - den bow’rs, . In - trud - ing there with-
out . her silk - en snare, . Till but - ter - flies in
may . be true, who knows? . For gay sweet peas now

out a crown Of sweet or state - ly flow’rs. .
col - ors bright Were light - ly teth - ered there. .
flut - ter fair On wings of white and rose. .

IF LOVE WERE WHAT THE ROSE IS

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

PAUL AMBROSE
Arranged*Allegretto grazioso*

1. If love were what the rose . is And I were like the
 2. If you were thrall to sor - row And I were page to

leaf, Our lives would grow to - geth - er In
 joy, We'd play for lives and sea - sons With

sad or sing - ing weath - er, Blown fields or flow'r - ful
 lov - ing looks and trea - sons, And tears of night and

clos - es, Green pleas - ure or gray grief; If
 mor - row, And laugh of maid and boy; If

love were what the rose . is, And I were like the leaf.
 you were thrall to sor - row, And I were page to joy.

TO THE WIND

11

CAROLINE FULLER
Cantabile

SPENCER-LEAVITT

p

1. Blow, wind, blow! Bear me
2. Sail, soft wind! Sail the

p

1. Blow, wind, blow! Blow!
2. Sail, soft wind! Sail

mp

1. Blow, soft breez - es, and bear me the fra - grance
2. Set the la - zy, white cloud - ships in mo - tion,

mp

breath of clo - ver sweet; . Steal through the
cloud - ships through the air; . . Be a bold

mp

Cull from the clo - ver a per - fume sweet; . Steal through the
cloud-ships all la - zi - ly through the air; . . Be a bold

mp

Culled from them clo - ver sweet; Bring
Sail through the air; Woo

cres.

for - est and bring me the fresh - ness Breath-ing from
lov - er and woo ev - 'ry rose - bud, Steal for a

cres.

for - est and bring me the fresh - ness, Breathe from
lov - er and woo ev - 'ry rose - bud, Steal for

cres.

me the for - est fresh - ness, Breathe from
ev - 'ry pret rose - bud, Steal a

TO THE WIND (CONTINUED)

vio - let's cool re - treat. Croon a
 pledge a pet - al fair! Tease the

vio - let's cool re - treat. Croon a
 pledge a pet - al fair! Tease the

vi - o - let's cool re - treat. Croon a mel - o - dy
 pledge from its pet - als fair! Tease the pop - lars and

song, Croon it soft and
 trees While you laugh with

song, Wind! Drow - si - ly croon it to
 trees, Wind! Laugh-ing - ly twist them with

ten - der and sooth - ing, Soft and
 leave their heads toss - ing, Laugh with

slow; . . . Ech - o the song of the ju - bi - lant
 glee; . . . Noth-ing can shack - le you, rest - less old

me. Oh, ech - o the song of the ju - bi - lant
 glee. Oh, noth - ing can shack - le you, rest - less old

slow. Oh, faint - ly mock - the
 glee. Oh, go, go,

The musical score consists of six staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal parts are in soprano range, and the piano parts provide harmonic support. The score includes lyrics for each section, such as 'vio - let's cool re - treat.', 'Croon a mel - o - dy', and 'Drow - si - ly'. It features various dynamics like 'p' (piano), 'mp' (mezzo-forte), and 'cres.' (crescendo). The piano part includes chords and bass notes.

mf

mead - ow lark; Wind, gen - tly blow! .
trav - el - er! Wind, you are free! .

mf

mead - ow lark; Wind, gen - tly blow! .
trav - el - er! Wind, you are free! .

mf

mead - ow lark; Sweet sum - mer wind, gen - tly blow! .
trav - el - er, Ne'er own a mas - ter, be free! .

THE EVENING STAR

NANCY BYRD TURNER

Espressivo

RUTH MCCONN SPENCER

mp

1. Now day is done, All the light has fad - ed,
2. Look how it gleams Where the clouds go drift - ing!

mp

p

Qui - et hill and field and mead - ow Slum - ber now, for
Fair and pet - al - wise un - fold - ing, Like a love - ly

mf

night's be - gun. See, fair and far, The friend - ly eve - ning star.
flow'r it seems. Oh, bright and far, How soft the eve - ning star.

mf

SONG OF REMEMBRANCE

M. LOUISE BAUM

Larghetto

WILLIAM E. BROWN

mp

1. Year by year new con - se - cra - tion
2. Home's dear joys they dared sur - ren - der,
3. Great the call they heard and an - swered,

mf

1. Year by year these days of con - se - cra - tion
2. Home's dear joys they glo - ried to sur - ren - der,
3. Great the call they heard and great their giv - ing,

mp

Light a - gain makes new, : : And
Joys we find so fair; : : But
Theirs the no - bler way, : : A.

Light of the past and pres - ent still re - new, : : And
Joys that for us their sac - ri - fice made fair; : : But
Of - fered by men who knew the no - bler way, : : A.

fills the heart with mem - 'ry's sweet ob - la - tion
they have found a home in worlds of splen - dor,
gift to God, the light of all men liv - ing,

fill the heart with mem - 'ry's sweet ob - la - tion
they have found a home in worlds of splen - dor,
gift to God, the light of all men liv - ing,

SONG OF REMEMBRANCE (CONTINUED)

15

Poured for all the souls whose lives were true.
Earth's re-wards too low for those who less dare.
Light of all who choose fade day.

Poured for all faith-ful souls whose lives were leal and true.
Earth's re-wards are too low for those who great-ly dare.
Light of those who dare choose the path of fade-less day.

THE BLUEBIRD

MARY STANHOPE

*Allegretto
mp*GERMAN FOLK TUNE
Arranged by IDA M. BUNTING

1. Flash - ing, swift a - wing, Dart - ing
2. Tun - ing his re - strain; Flut - ing

1. Flash - ing, fly - ing, who is a - wing? Dart - ing, div - ing,
2. Tun - ing, croon - ing, soft his re - strain; Flut - ing, lut - ing,

down to fling, Blue morn - ing
not in vain. Come cres.

earth - ward to fling. Blue as the morn - ing
nev - er in vain. Fol - low - ing aft - er

His a - dorn - ing; Blue - bird, her - ald of spring.
Joy and laugh - ter; Blue - bird, wel - come a - gain.

His bright a - dorn - ing; Blue - bird, blue - bird, her - ald of spring.
Come joy and laugh - ter; Blue - bird, blue - bird, wel - come a - gain.

LITTLE MAID OF FAR JAPAN

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Grazioso

HELEN S. LEAVITT

cres.

1. Lit - tle maid of far Ja - pan, Pic - tured on a
 2. Pret - ty maid of far Ja - pan, Pic - tured on a

mp *mf* *cres.*
 dain - ty fan, Dressed in gar - ments light and gay,
 dain - ty fan, With your pa - per par - a - sol,

mf *p*
 Cut in such a cu - ri - ous way; Your pa - per par - a - sol, though bright,
 Dain-ty fan and frock and all; - Oh, why so wor - ried and so glum?

mf *cres.*
 Shades a face so sol - emn un - der! Glancing not to left or right,
 Do you hear a growl of thun - der? Thin - ly clad and far from home,

mp *cres.* *f*
 Where do you haste, I won - der, Maid-en of far Ja - pan? :
 Will you get wet, I won - der, Maid-en of far Ja - pan? :

cres. *f*
 Oh, I won - der, Maid of far Ja - pan? :
 Oh, I won - der, Maid of far Ja - pan? :

SANCTUS

17

LOUISE STICKNEY

*Lento*FRANZ SCHUBERT
Arranged

mf

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, In - fi - nite and
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Is His word for-

mp

might - y, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 ev - er, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

p

Ho - ly is the Lord. God, the Lord e -
 Deep with - in us heard. When, our need con -

mf

cres.

ter - nal, Fount of per - fect love, Dwells in
 fess - ing, Hearts are bowed in pray'r, Peace di -

cres.

f

light su - per - nal; He is Lord a - bove.
 vine and bless - ing Sure - ly en - ter there.

f

BELLS OF BRITTANY

ABBY FARWELL BROWN
Con moto

HARRY HARTS
Arranged

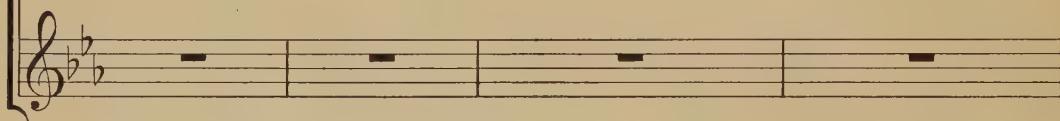


1. Near a wild and lone - ly coun - try, far a - way,
2. When the o - cean drown'd the cit - y, on a time,

mp

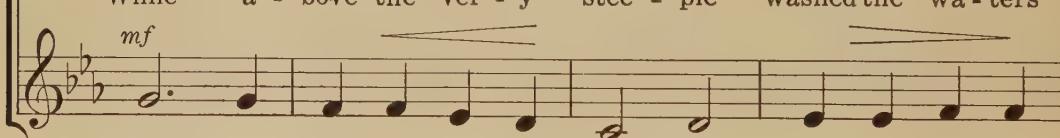


Lies a beach of sand y sil - ver, on a bay
All the bells rang out in pit - y, in a chime,



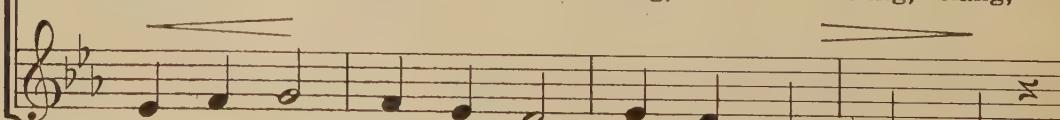
Where the fish - er - men who ven - ture on the o - cean
While a - bove the ver - y stee - ple washed the wa - ters

mf



Hear, Strong, clear, long, Ring, Rang, clang, cling, clang, clang,

p



Say they hear, low and clear, Bells that ring, clang, cling!
End - less song, ag - es long, Bells still rang, clang, clang!

BELLS OF BRITTANY (CONTINUED)

19

mp

Bells!
Bells!

Bells bells low,
drown'd, toll - ing slow,
still they sound,

mp

Bells be - - low the cru - el wa - ter toll - ing slow,
Bells be - low the cru - el wa - ter toll - ing slow,

cres.

Sound - ing from the chap - el bur - ied long a - go;
Sound - ing from the chap - el bur - ied long a - go;

cres.

Bells that mourn with sol - emn sound, sail - ors drown'd
Bells that join their sol - emn tone to the moan

f

Bells that mourn with sol - emn, hol - low sound, clang, clang,
Bells that join their sol - emn, hol - low tone, clang, clang!

dim.

By the ev - er hun - gry sea! (clang, clang!)
Ut - tered by the hun - gry sea! (clang, clang!)

p

Clang, clang, clang, clang, hun - gry hun - gry sea, hun - gry sea!
Cling, cling, cling, clang, hun - gry hun - gry sea, hun - gry sea!

THE WIND FROM THE SEA

DENIS A. McCARTHY

Leggiero

DANISH FOLK TUNE

mf

1. From miles of toss - ing wa-ters, From leagues of salt - y
 2. Oh, God has winds a - plen-ty *mp* O - be-dient to his

seas There blows a - cross . the marsh - es A
 will, And some - times they : are nois - y, And

cool - ing o - cean breeze. It lifts a - gain . the
 some - times they . are still; . But when the sum - mer

ros - es, Slow wilt - ing to their death. And lit - tle cit - y
 smites us With tor - ridwaves of heat, . He sends the o - cean

cres.

chil - dren . Are glad . to feel . its breath..
 breez - es . . To cool . the cit - y street. .

LOVELY FRANCE

21

NELLIE POORMAN

Cantabile

BEATRICE MACGOWAN SCOTT

p

1. O love - ly land of France, How old thy glo - rious
 2. O land of Char - le - magne, How gal - lant ev - 'ry

p

O O love - ly land of France, How old thy
 O O land of Char - le - magne, How gal - lant

mf

name! Long, long a - go the trou - ba - dours In
 deed! What saints and he - roes thou hast wrought to

mf

glo - rious name!
 ev - 'ry deed!

mp

song did tell thy fame. For ev - 'ry hill and
 help thy hour of need! Thy gen - tle maid - en

mp

For Thy

cres.

town A sto - ry of ro - mance, A
 Jeanne, Who taught a king to reign, In -

cres.

ev - 'ry hill and town A sto - ry of ro - mance, A
 gen - tle maid - en Jeanne, Who taught a king to reign, In -

rit.

knight - ly tale for ev - 'ry road That windst through love - ly France.
 spired by ho - ly dreams to save The land of Char - le - magne.

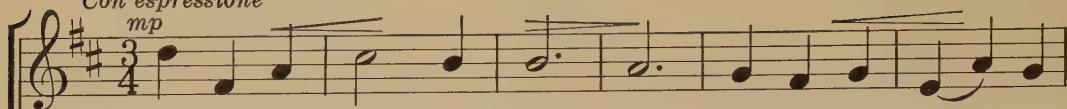
f

rit.

DARK ARE THE SKIES

JOHN REED
Con espressione

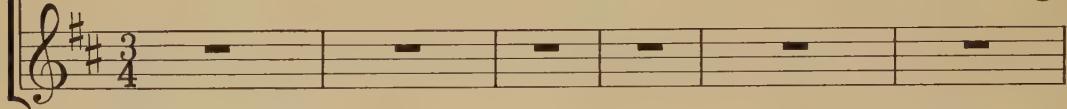
WILSON-WHITE



1. Dark are the skies and drear - y, Rain fall-ing hour • on
2. Sure - ly the clouds are break - ing, Here is the clos - ing

mp

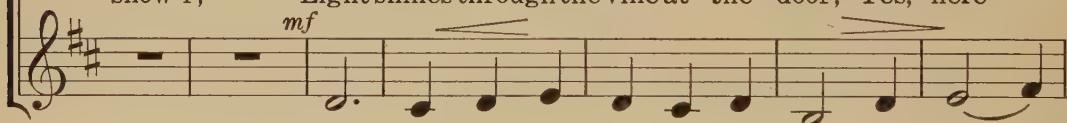
Rain fall-ing hour • on
Here is the clos - ing



hour; All day long . . . till things
show'r; Show'r's are done, . . . Yes, here



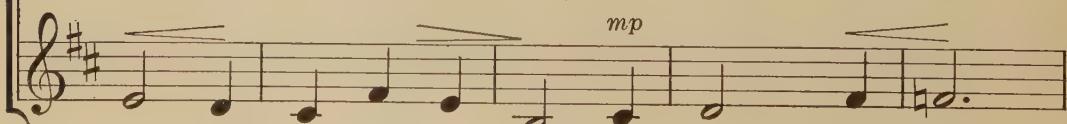
hour; . . . Eaves drip with mo - not - o - nous tears Till things
show'r; . . . Light shines through the vine at the door; Yes, here



all go wrong. . . Of dark-ness and wet I'm
is the sun! . . . The world to fresh beau - ty



all go wrong. (all goes wrong.) Of dark - ness I'm
is the sun.(clouds are gone.) The world a - new

mp

wea - ry! Why should it rain a - gain?
wak - ing— Nev - er was rain in vain!

wea - ry! Why should it rain and rain a - gain?
wak - ing— Oh, nev - er yet was rain in vain!

THE ARIZONA WIND

NELLIE POORMAN

Tranquillo

ARTHUR TARGETT

1. You blow from might-y ca - ñons Where sea - ward the
2. You spring up in the morn - ing In some lone - ly
3. By cham-bered cliffs you wan - der, Where In - dians were

riv - ers sweep, Ceas-ing ne'er their carv - ing Red and pur - ple
des - ert land, Hoar-y sage-brush toss - ing, Whirl-ing high the
wont to dwell, Emp-ty and for - sak - en, On - ly ech-oes

rall. a tempo cres. f
cav - erns deep; From peak and blue pla - teau . Bold - ly you blow.
shim-m'ring sand; The path-less waste you know, . Free - ly you blow.
there to tell Where lived the Na - va - jo . Long, long a - go.

TARANTELLA

M. LOUISE BAUM

*Con grazia**mf*GIUSEPPE VERDI
Arranged

1. Wheel - ing, whirl - ing, light as a wil - low
 2. Click - ing, clash - ing, neck - lace or ban - gle

mf

sway - ing, Or free as a foun - tain's play - ing,
 an - swers The twist of the tire - less danc - ers,

Or The free foun - tain's play - ing,
 The twist of the the danc - ers,

Gay is the ta - ran - tel - la! Lilt - ing, leap - ing
 Wild is the ta - ran - tel - la! Quick - ning tem - po

*mp**cres.*

oh, see them!

oh, heark - en!

accel.

diz - zi - ly through the chang - es, As swift as the swal-low that
 urg - es them fast and fast - er, For mel - o - dy gay is their

*cres.**accel.*

As swift as bird - that
 For mu - sic is - their

rang - es, Then stamp-ing it, toe
 mas - ter As through the mad dance

a tempo

and heel! .
 they reel. .

f

rang mas - es, ter,

Stamp Through

it, the

toe dance .

and they

heel. reel. .

SONG OF UNION

25

ROBERT BRIGHAM

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
Arranged*mf Larghetto*

1. We lift, we lift our voic - es In
 2. This bond shall ne'er be bro - ken By
 3. For ev - 'ry bold step for - ward The

friend-ship's might - y song, 'Tis God who binds to-
 fears or pet - ty strife, As one, we face the
 path of life runs free, By lib - er - ty and

geth - er Our hearts in un - ion strong. And
 fu - ture, As one, we mas - ter life; The
 un - ion All earth shall gir - dled be; No

when there burns with - in . us The . love of . com - mon -
 old - er . bonds' re - new - al These lat - er . vows as -
 fail - ure . can dis - may . us, E'en . pris - on . be our

weal, 'Tis God who gives the watch-word And His the sign and seal.
 sure, We meet as in a strong-hold Where freedom stands se-ure.
 pride, Till all earth's sons are broth - ers Safe dwell-ing side by side.

SPANISH WALTZ

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

BALDWIN-LEAVITT

Tempo di valse

mp

Hark to the click of the
Click, click, click, click, Click, click,

p > > > > > >

cas - ta - net . And the hum of the gen - tle gui - tar;
cas - ta - net; Click, click, click,

mf

Where the girls with the hair that is
click, Click, click,

black as jet . And the fair - y - winged . slip - pers

cres.

are! Under the shade of the or - ange tree, The
cres. 'Neath the shade of the or - ange tree, The

dim.

dim.

SPANISH WALTZ (CONTINUED)

27

danc - ers glide to and fro; mf
 Laugh-ing and
 danc - ers glide, they glide to and fro, . While laugh - ing,
 grace - ful and fair to see The cou - ples mer - ri - ly
 grace - ful, and fair to see The mer - ry cou - - ples
dim. e rit.
 go. . Ah! Sweet is the sound of the cas - ta - net, . . And the
 go. . Ah! Sound the cas - ta - net,
 mur - mur-ing . . soft gui - tar! tar. .
 1. 2. Fine
 strum gui - - tar! tar. .
 1. 2. Fine
 3=5 mf a tempo
 Let us
 Whirl - - - ing, twirl - - - ing,
 join the whirl, with a cir - cle and twirl, Go
cres.

SPANISH WALTZ (CONTINUED)

trip - ping, Slide and swirl While the

trip - ping . . . with a slide and a swirl;

Mu - sic low . and sweet . . . Puts

Mu - sic so low . and sweet . . . Puts

mag - ic . . . in our nim - ble feet. Hear the cas - ta - *mp*

mag - ic in nim - ble feet. As the cas - ta -

nets! Sound a - gain, Click a re -

nets mark the meas - ure a - gain, Go click - ing . . . like a *cres.*

frain . . . Till our hearts join . . . in the

dim.

lit - tle re - frain, Hearts beat in

SPANISH WALTZ (CONTINUED)

29

accel. *e* *cres.* *f*

rhyth-mi - cal beat Of the waltz made in Spain!

accel. *e* *cres.* *f*

time to the waltz . made . in Spain. .

D. S. al Fine

REMEMBERING

ROBERT HILLYER
Con tenerezza

BEATRICE MACGOWAN SCOTT

1. Hap - py the heart that still can hold
2. Sum - mer takes flight from day to day;
3. Glo - ry of *p*day and calm of night

Hap - py, we still can hold
Sum - mer, may close day;
Glo - ry and calm of night

Vanished de-lights of red and gold, Col-ors of gar-dens,
Dreams will not fade or die a-way. Though it be win-ter,
Shine in the spir-it's *mf* tran-quil light; Beau-ty im-mor-tal

Vanished de-lights of red and gold, The Ah,
Dreams will not fade or die a-way. And
Shine in the spir-it's tran-quil light; *cres.* dim. erit.

Per-fumes of spring Stored to en-joy when winds are cold.
Still shall we find Mem - o - ry's gold - en store of May.
Plants in the heart Gar - dens of spring no frost can blight.

per-fumes of spring, We keep when winds are cold.
yet shall we find Mem o - ry's store of May.
here in each heart : Gar dens no frost can blight.

SPRING

BELLE AMES

*Animato*SOP. I AND II *mp*

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD

Arranged

1. Light-ly o - ver the wait - ing earth
 2. All the earth will be - gin to sing

Comes the Spring with a
 At the welcome ap-

ALTO

smile of mirth; To each mead-ow and for- est and hill-top She
 proach of Spring; With the mag - ic and charm of her pres-ence The

SOP. I

brings de - light. Sil - ver show'rs .
 fields will wake. Fra - grant breeze, .

SOP. II

brings de - light. Sil - ver show'rs .
 fields will wake. Fra - grant breeze, .

ALTO

With the sound of the sil - ver show'rs
 On the wings of a fra - grant breeze

Wak - en flow'rs, . With a thrill they will
 Birds and bees, . At the touch of her

She'll wak - en the flow'rs, . With a thrill they will
 She'll come with the bees, . At the touch of her

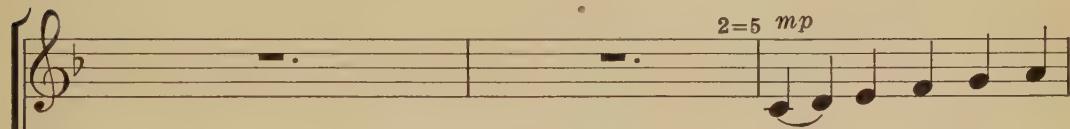
She will wak - en the sleep - ing flow'rs; With a thrill they will
 She will come with the birds and bees; At the touch of her



burst from their pris - on and - prove her might. :
fin - gers the brooks will their fet - ters break. :



burst from their pris - on and prove her might. :
fin - gers the brooks will their fet - ters break. :



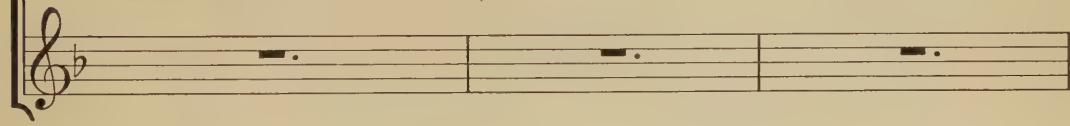
2=5 mp

Soft - the man-tle of
Soon - will wake and re-



Soft - ly she kiss - es the trees as she goes,
Lakes that have slumbered'neath cov-er-lets white

mp

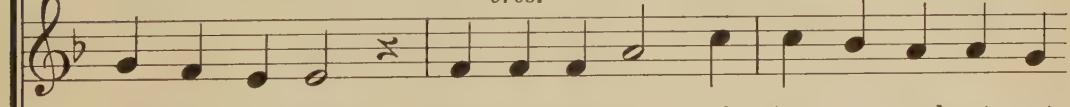


Soft - the man-tle of
Soon - will wake and re-



ver-dure she throws, Cast-ing a spell of joy- ous enchantment
joice in the light; Na-ture, a-thrill with glad-ness and rap-ture,

cres.



ver-dure she throws, Cast-ing a spell of joy- ous enchantment
joice in the light; Na-ture, a-thrill with glad-ness and rap-ture,

cres.



5=1

SPRING (CONTINUED)

dim. e rit. *6=3 mp a tempo*

In all her flight. . Sil - ver show'rs .
 Will mu - sic make. Fra - grant breeze, .

dim. e rit. *6=3 mp a tempo*

In all her flight. . Sil - ver show'rs .
 Will mu - sic make. Fra - grant breeze, .

dim. e rit. *4=1 mp a tempo*

With the sound of her sil - ver show'rs
 On the wings of a fra - grant breeze

mf

Wak - en flow'rs; . They will
 Birds and bees, . At her

mf

Wak - en the flow'rs, . With a thrill they will
 Come, . birds and bees, . At the touch of her

mf

She will wak - en the sleep - ing flow'rs; They will
 She will come with the birds and bees; 'Neath her

cres.

burst from pris - on and prove her might. .
 touch the brooks will their fet - ters break. .

cres.

burst from their pris - on and prove her might. .
 fin - gers the brooks will their fet - ters break. .

cres.

f

I WOULD BE A SAILOR

33

JEAN NEAL

Ben marcato

STANLEY AVERY

mf

1. Sail - or with the com - pass true, Let me sail,
 2. Skip - per with the eye so blue, Let me ship

mf

sail with you! Far a - cross the boom - ing sea
 with your crew. Let me haul and reef and tack,

mf

Let your ship car - ry me! When the storm shall be -
 Round the world, down and back. I would meet with a

cres.

gin to rave I will be ver - y quick and brave.
 pi - rate ship, Wreck and raft up - on ev - 'ry trip!

cres.

I want to see a whale! A - round the
 I want to be a Tar! I want to

>

Yeo, heave ho! Yeo ho, heave
 Yeo heave ho! Yeo ho, heave

I WOULD BE A SAILOR (CONTINUED)

Pole I'd sail. Then yeo heave ho, (with a pull, boys!)
voy - age far! Then *mf* yeo heave ho, (with a pull, boys!)
ho!
ho!
Yeo heave ho! (My boys, with a) Yeo heave ho, heave ho! .
Yeo heave ho! (My boys, with a) Yeo heave ho, heave ho! .
cres.
ff

THE FOUR WINDS

NELLIE POORMAN

Semplice

MARY STRAWN VERNON

1. I am West Wind, blown from prai - ries, Sweet with
2. I am South Wind, breath of ros - es, Birds a -
mp

scent . of grass and corn; I . am East Wind,
long . my cur - rent ride; I . am North Wind,

child of o - cean, Sweep - ing sky ways clear for morn.
fresh and tin - gling, Snow and ice I scat - ter wide.

cres.
f

From the Persian of MIRZA SCHAFFY
English version by

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Espressivo

p

THE ROSE

35

ROBERT FRANZ
Arranged

The fair- est rose of June was sigh - ing Be-cause its

fra - grance, ear - ly dy - ing, The spring's re -

new - al could know, ah, nev - er! O love-ly

rose, in beau - ty blow - ing, Through-out my songs your breath is

flow - ing, And there its sweet-ness shall live for - ev - er.

I WILL GIVE YOU THE KEYS OF HEAVEN

TRADITIONAL

Moderato

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

1. I will give you the keys of · heav'n, I will give you the
 2. I will give you a blue silk gown, Two stripes up and ·
 3. I will give you the keys of my heart, We'll married be till ·

1. I will give you the keys of · heav'n, I will give you the
 2. I will give you a blue silk gown, Two stripes up and ·
 3. I will give you the keys of my heart, We'll mar-ried be till ·

keys of heav'n. Mad-am, will you walk? Mad-am, will you
 three stripes down. Mad-am, will you walk? Mad-am, will you
 death do us part. Mad-am, will you walk? Mad-am, will you

keys of heav'n. No, I will not walk!
 three stripes down. No, I will not walk!
 death do us part. I will walk and talk!

talk? Mad-am, will you walk and talk with me?
 talk? Mad-am, will you walk and talk with me?
 talk? Mad-am, will you walk and talk with me?

No, I will not talk; No, no, I will not talk with thee!
 No, I will not talk; No, no, I will not talk with thee!
 I will walk and talk; Yes, I will walk and talk with thee!

OJIBWAY LULLABY

37

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE

Andante con moto

HENRY HADLEY

mp

1. The wind is in the trees; Does my
 2. The stars are in the skies; Does my
 3. Then go to sleep, my child; Squirrels

p

dar - ling ba - by hear What is whis - pered to his
 dar - ling ba - by see How they blink . at him and
 all are safe in bed, Squirrels black . and gray and

p

ear With the lisp - ing of the breeze?
 me, Bright as ba - by's shin - ing eyes?
 red, And the lit - tle fox - es wild.

mf

"Love will keep his moth - er near, And the ba - by
 How they wink to him that he Is as safe as
 Stars are shin - ing o - ver - head, And the winds with

dim.

need not fear For the wind is in the trees."
 safe can be, For the stars are in the skies.
 me have said, "Go to sleep, to sleep, my child."

p

THE WANDERER'S SONG

OTTO RÜDEL

English paraphrase by
FREDERIC MARTENS

VOLKMAR ANDREAE

Arranged by RALPH L. BALDWIN

Allegro

mf

Gay-ly wan-d'ring on I fare, O'er the green fields stray - ing,

mf

Rov-ing in the spring-tide air, Naught my foot steps

cres.

stay - ing. And I watch the ea - gle rise . Through the

f

5# = 3

3 = 1

f

5 = 3

blue, un-cloud-ed skies, High a - bove . . earth wing - ing. And

b3 = 1

b7 = 5

1 = 5 *p*

6 = 3

when the road seems all too long, Then my fid - dle . tak - ing,

1 = 5

THE WANDERER'S SONG (CONTINUED)

39

mp

I with glad and joy - ous song Ech - oes sweet am wak - ing,
cres.

mp

Sing - ing joys the rov - er knows, As a - long his way he

f

mp

goes, To the winds . care fling - ing. Gay - ly . wan - d'ring

mp

on I . fare, O'er the green fields stray - ing, Rov - ing in the

cres.

mf

spring - tide . air, Naught my foot - steps stay - ing.
cres.

WE MARCH ON

JOHN REED

Alla marcia

1 *mf*

ELMER S. HOSMER

Alla marcia
mf

1. Here we are . . . and we are going far..
 2. March - ing we . . . shall call the world to see .
mf > > > > > >

1. Here we are and go - - - ing
 2. March - ing we we call all - - - to

Oh, do you hear the sound of sing - ing as we
 What can be done if pluck - y pur - pose go with

far. Oh, hear the sound of sing - ing as we with

What's done if pluck - y pur - pose go with

come? (we come) With ev - ry step in time . . . to mu-sic's
 skill, (with skill) For our suc - cess is sure . . . while heart and

Step Vic - - ping in time to the
 t'ry is sure if our

cres.

march - ing rime, . . . For we can keep the pace in
 hope en - dure, . . . We al - ways do our best nor

cres.

mu - - - sic's rime, We can keep the pace in
 hope . . . en - dure; We shall do our best nor

WE MARCH ON (CONTINUED)

41

an - y race, Our foot - fall for drum.
 stop to rest But keep go - ing still. *dim.*
 an - y race we run. . . . Oh, yes, we
 stop to rest, march on! . . . It is our
 Know our way . . . and we must not de - lay, . . . For we are
 Prop - er pride . . . that naught can stay our stride . And we shall
 know our way, We'll not de - lay; We're
 prop - er pride, None stays our stride; We'll
 bound to go straightfor-ward till the prize is won. Oh, all the
 like our-selves still bet - ter when our work is done. We have our
 world is ours . And we shall prove our pow'rs . As with no
 goal in view . And we shall reach it, too, . With all the
 fear or wor-ry-ing, haste or hur-ry-ing, We march on.
 world ob - serv-ing us, noth-ing swerv-ing us, We march on.
cres.

VASCO DA GAMA

M. LOUISE BAUM

GIACOMO MEYERBEER
Arranged from "L'Africaine"

mf Con spirito

1. South I sail on a path-less o - - - cean,
2. On - ward still, though by tem - pest driv - - - en,
3. East - ward now, past old A - sia coast - - - ing,

mp

South - ward ev - er, by trop - ic shores . . . that lure me,
Skies are cloud - ed, no guid - ing star . . . be - fore me;
Where in dread might-y Ar - ab ships . . . a - void me.

mf

Scorn - ing ports, dare . the sea's com-mo - - - tion;
On, still on, till . the dark is riv - - - en.
In - dia's wealth soon . shall be my boast - - - ing.

f

On! . . Fa - mil - iar stars re - as - sure me.
Lo, . . the south - ern cross ris - es o'er me.
On! . . Till e'en proud Spain shall ap - plaud me.

THE STARRY CHRISTMAS NIGHT

43

MARY STANHOPE

*Legato*NIELS GADE
Arranged

1. Wood and field are wrapt in slum - ber, Christ-mas
 2. Friend - ly panes with ta - pers glow - ing Hap - py
 3. All men share the Christ - mas bless - ing, Heart and

chimes the mid - night num - ber; Earth is spot - less, robed in
 fes - tal scenes are show - ing Un - der fir trees strange - ly
 hand good will ex - press - ing, Eyes with kind - ness all a-

On this star - ry Christ - . . mas
 On this star - ry Christ - . . mas
 On this star - ry Christ - . . mas

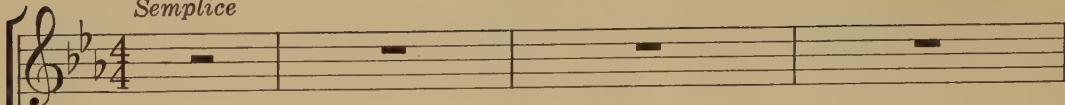
white . . . On this star - ry, star - ry Christ - mas
 bright . . . On this star - ry, star - ry Christ - mas
 light . . . On this star - ry, star - ry Christ - mas

night, On this star - ry Christ - . . mas night.
 night, On this star - ry Christ - . . mas night.
 night, On this star - ry Christ - . . mas night.

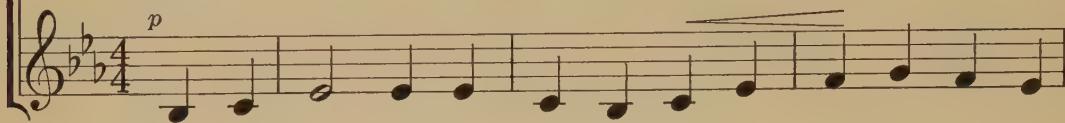
SONG OF HOME

NELLIE POORMAN

EARL TOWNER

Semplice

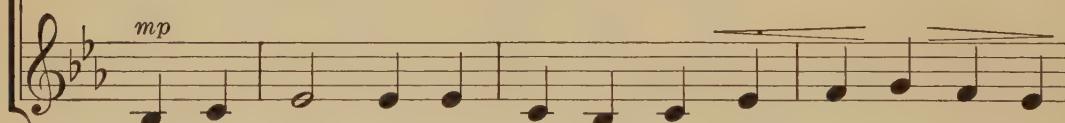
1. Song of home I am sing-ing, Let me tune it soft and
2. Home of mine, let my sing-ing Find an ech-o in the



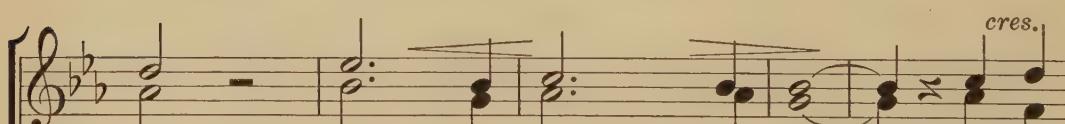
low, Keep-ing time with a ca-dence sweet and slow. . . .
heart; Home of mine, let my song your charm im - part. . . .



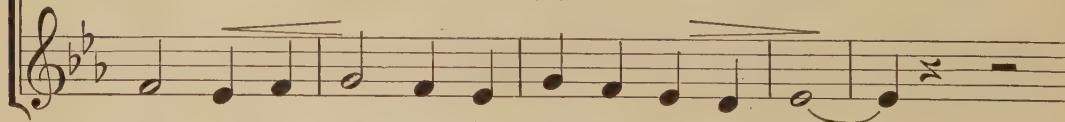
Soft song of home, sweet of
Child's king dom, home, home of



'Tis a song of de - vo - tion To the home-stead, great or
You're the child's hap - py king - dom, Ruled by love and not by



home, King - dom loved by all. . . . There the
mine, Realm of joy and cheer. There the



small; 'Tis a song of a king - dom loved by all. . . .
fear, Realm of joy, land of free - dom,bright with cheer. . . .

SONG OF HOME (CONTINUED)

45

mf

queen is a moth - er, All lov - ing in her sway, Keep - ing
king is a fa - ther, With heart to un - der - stand; Life's a

ev - 'ry care and trou - ble Far a - way. (far a - way)
road we walk to - geth - er, Hand in hand. (hand in hand) *dim.*

dim.

Moth - er eyes speak the love That
Song of home I will sing; Though

mp

Moth - er eyes, soft - ly shin - ing, Speak the love that keeps one
Song of home I'll be sing - ing, Though a - far my feet may

cres.

keeps one true; . Moth - er faith gives strength to do.
far I roam, I'll re - mem - ber home, sweet home.

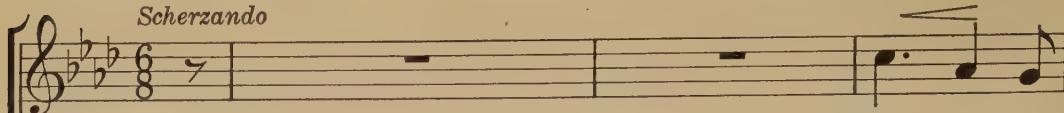
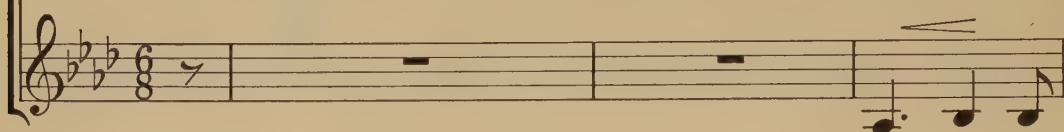
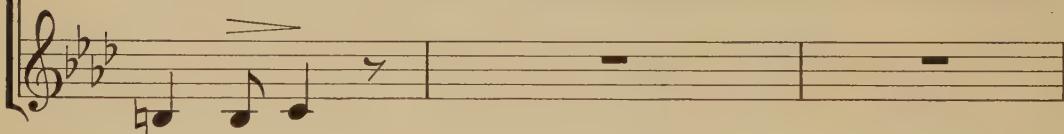
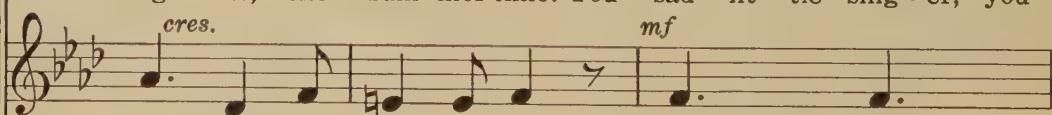
cres.

true, Moth - er faith gives one strength to dare and do. . .
roam, Through all time I'll re - mem - ber home, sweet home.. . .

THE CRICKET IN THE WINTER

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

FANNY SNOW KNOWLTON

ScherzandoHeigh - ho, the
Heigh - ho, the1. The lit - tle brown cricket who lived in the dell, Heigh - ho, the
2. The sum-mer is o - ver and win-ter is here, Heigh - ho, thesum - mertime!
sum - mertime!sum - mertime! He had but a brief lit - tle mes-sage to tell,
sum - mertime! Oh, sing a new song that is full of good cheer!Heigh - ho, the sum-mer time! He chirped in the morn-ing and
Heigh - ho, the sum-mer time! You sad lit - tle sing - er, youHeigh - ho, the sum - mer time! Loud
Heigh - ho, the sum - mer time! Ah, he
cres. mf you

chirped in the night, Re - peat - ing the mot - to with
 ought to have learned A song for the sea - son when

chirped in the night, Chirped with
 ought to have learned Just how

great . de - light.
 tastes . have turned;

great de - light. He nev - er grew wea - ry, though
 tastes have turned; Per - haps through the win - ter your

"Heigh - ho, the sum - mer time!"
 "Heigh - ho, the sum - mer time!"

oth - er folk might,—"Heigh - ho, the sum - mer time!"
 way you'd have earned,—"Heigh - ho, the sum - mer time!"

The musical score consists of six staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal line is in common time, with a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note patterns and sustained notes. The vocal parts include lyrics in both first and second person perspectives, with some lines repeated. The score concludes with a final section where the vocal part sings a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

O TENNESSEE!

LOUISE STICKNEY

Espressivo
mp

SEPTIMUS WINNER

1. O Ten - nes-see, old Ten - nes-see, my home of long a -
 2. O Ten - nes-see, O Ten - nes-see, your or-chards bloom and
 3. O Ten - nes-see, O Ten - nes-see, so soft and slow of

go, Where riv - ers down their peace - ful way Are .
 shine, The red - bird nods a sau - cy crest, And the
 tongue, Your soil from stran - gers' rule was free Since

REFRAIN
mp

flow - ing wide and slow. mock - er sings like nine. So car - ry me back to Ten - nes - see,
 first the world was young. *mp*

There all the good things meet, Where sum - mers stay till

time for May With the cane be - side the wheat. Then
mf

Ten - nes - see, Ten - nes - see,
car - ry me back, Oh, car - ry me back,
There good things meet, Where sum - mers stay till
There all the good things meet,
time for May, With the cane be - side the wheat.

ECHO SONG

ROBERT BRIGHAM

Con grazia
mp

ELMER S. HOSMER

1. When Ech - o I hear (So far and clear) I think with a
2. I tell her once more (The sto - ry o'er;) She's mock-ing at

word (I've waked a bird;) She says, "Not I!"
me (With elf - in glee;) She sighs, "O stay!"
dim. pp

A - gain I cry, "O Ech - o, re - ply!" : : : :
But should I say, "I'll go on my way."

PUSSY WILLOW

MARIE CONDÉ

Leggiere

BEATRICE MACGOWAN SCOTT

mp

1. Non - sense,. Pus-sy Wil-low! Put your muff a-way,
 2. Ev - 'ry . . lit - tle mead-ow Begs a coat of green;

mp

1. Pus - sy Wil - low! Put your muff a - way,
 2. Ev - 'ry mead - ow Begs a coat of green;

cres.

Fur is out of sea - son When spring has come to stay.
 Ev - 'ry shin - ing birch tree Im - plores a bright - er sheen.

cres.

Out of sea - son When spring comes to stay.
 Ev - 'ry birch tree Im - plores bright - er sheen.

mf

Here's the blue-eyed A - pril Danc-ing through the trees, .
 Non-sense, Pus - sy Wil - low! Put your muff a - way, .

mf

cres. e accel.

Wear-ing . on her bon - net The feath - er of a breeze.
 Fur is . . out of sea - son When spring has come to stay. .

cres. e accel.

On Out her of bon - net The feath - er of a breeze. . .

sea - son When spring has come to stay. . .

GOLDENROD

51

M. LOUISE BAUM
Dolce cantabile

HELEN S. LEAVITT

1. Shin - ing fields of gold-en-rod in its
 2. Shin - ing dreams in quaint and fan-ci-ful
 3. Shin - ing trees in fern-y glades or in

1. When shine the qui-et Sep-tem-ber fields With gol-den-rod in its
 2. I see the for-ests of fair-y-land In quaint and fan-ci-ful
 3. Neath shin-ing trees of that won-der-world In fern-y glades or in
mp

glo - ry, An old - en - tale of fair - y lore, An
 sto - ry, Where O - ber - on, his queen to please, Set
 flow - 'ry, To do her - will, sweet Fair - y Queen, Ride

glo - ry, Fair - y lore, . . . An
 sto - ry, O - ber - on : : Set
 flow - 'ry, At her will, . . . Ride

ech - o . far from days of yore, My fan - cy . o - verwhelms.
 forth a . world of . state - ly trees, Ten mil - lion gold-en elms.
 no - ble knights of . court - ly mien, In plum - y, . gold-en helms.

ech - o from days of yore, My fan - cy o - verwhelms.
 forth, his dear queen to please, Ten mil - lion gold-en elms.
 brave knights of court - ly mien, In plum - y, gold-en helms.

WEST WIND'S SONG

JOHN REED

Tranquillamente

JEAN BAPTISTE DE LULLY

Arranged

pp

1. Dew on the
2. Wea - ry of

1. Lull - a - by, lull - a, lull - a - by, Hear the west-ern wind with
2. Lull - a - by, lull - a, lull - a - by, Hear the west-ern wind with

mp

1. Dew on the
2. Wea - ry of

corn toil and dew or pleas - on ures of the clo day - ver,
lull - a - by, Lull, lull - a - by, O sweet west wind,
lull - a - by, Lull, lull - a - by, O sweet west wind,

corn toil and dew or pleas - on ure of the clo day - ver,
All things may wel - come eve - ning's own gray light;

mf

Cool - ness and calm when bright day is o - ver;
All things may wel - come eve - ning's own gray light;

mp

Lull-a - by, lull, lull-a - by, For day - time is o - ver, So
Lull-a - by, lull, lull-a - by, You bring us the gray light, When

mf

Cool - ness and calm when bright day is o - ver;
All things may wel - come eve - ning's own gray light;

p

Hush - ing the pines that shad - o w the sky, . . .
 On - ly the night moth ven - tures a . wing, . . .
cres.

p hush - ing the tall pines that shad - o w the sky, Soft the
 on - ly the night moth may ven - ture a - wing, Then up -
cres.

mf

Voice of the west - ern wind . . . sings lull - a - by.
 Borne on the breath of song, . . . the zeph - yrs sing.
dim. e rallentando

mf voice of the west - ern wind sings lull - a - by.
 borne on the breath of song, the zeph - yrs sing.
dim. e rall.

pp

mf voice of the west - ern wind sings lull - a - by.
 borne on the breath of song, the zeph - yrs sing.
dim. e rall.

pp

SNOW DREAMS

JEAN NEAL

Sostenuto

ELMER S. HOSMER

p

1. Snow on the moun - tain, Drift in the foun - tain,
 2. Dream - ing of spring - time, Bird - song and wing - time,
 3. Through dark - ness leap - ing, From earth es - cap - ing,

p

mf

White in the val - ley, Er - mine on the tree.
 When down the hill - side Brooks will trick - le free.
 All wa -ters min - gie In the cleans-ing sea.

mf

O TUNEFUL HOSTS

From the LATIN

Translated by M. LOUISE BAUM

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

Maestoso

Arranged from the "Christmas Oratorio"

mf

1. O tune - ful hosts, a - rise, rise and a - dore Him!
 2. O sons of God, a - rise, rise in thanks - giv - ing,

mf

Sing, O earth, a hymn of praise, prais - es to our God.
 Joy - ful songs His pow'r pro - claim, glo - ri - fy our God.

f

Lift joy - ous hearts on high, wor - ship be - fore Him,
 Glad of His love and care, all crea - tures liv - ing

dim.

His the light of all our ways, He is God the Lord.
 Wor - ship His most ho - ly Name, He is God the Lord.

mp

Thank Him for good - ness that cares for His peo - ple,
 Who can with - stand Him, vic - to - ri - ous ev - er?

cres.

Sing His maj-es-ty, Tell His glo - ry, Sing and praise His Name.
 Sing His maj-es-ty, Tell His glo - ry, Sing and praise His Name.

cres. *f*

MORNING PRAYER

CAROLINE FULLER

Religioso

ANTONIN DVOŘÁK

Arranged

p

1. Heav - en - ly Fa - ther, through sleep Thou hast kept me,
 2. Sweet may it be with the beau - ty of serv - ice,

p

Hum - bly I thank Thee for care through the night, (For the
 Good - ness and mer - cy like Thine, Lord, dis - play, (And when

cres. *mf*

gift of this day,) Oh, may it all.. . be fair in Thy sight.
 ev - en - tide falls,) May I re - store . a glo - ri - fied day.

cres. *mf*

May all . . be fair in Thy sight.
 Re - store . a glo - ri - fied day.

SUN AND SHADOW

DENIS A. McCARTHY

Allegretto

OLD ENGLISH MELODY

mp

1. When days are long, . . . Sun-loved and fair, . . .
 2. Now winds blow cold, . . . Clouds gray the sky, . . .

Life is a song, . . . Hearts have no care.
 Lambs seek the fold, . . . Birds home-ward fly.

mf

Bees in the flow'rs, . . . Dew on the grass,
 Bare is the hill, . . . Si-lent the stream; . . .

mf

dim.

p

Ah, that these hours . . . Ev-er should pass!
 Sum-mer may still . . . Live in our dream.

dim.

p



Hadley

Donizetti



Chopin

Meyerbeer

NANCY BYRD TURNER

Ben marcato

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

mf

1. Swing bells, ring bells, sound from loft and stee - ple;
 2. Dear star, clear star, rise on hill and val - ley,

Swing bells, ring bells, joy for all the peo - ple.
 Dear star, clear star, light - ing street and peo - al - ley.

All the birds have flown a - way . with the sum - mer time,
 All the flow'rs have blown a - way, . blos - soms, leaf, and vine;

cres.

Ring your mu - sic on the air; Chime, bells, chime!
 Shed your beau - ty on the world; Shine, star, shine!

mf

Chime, Shine, bells, star, chime!
 Chime, bells, chime! Ring your mu-sic, ring a mer-ry chime.
 Shine, star, shine! Shed your beauty, lovely star, and
 1. 2. shine!

f

Chime, bells, chime!
 Shine, star, shine!

O SILVER STREAM

F. E. WEATHERLY

Adapted

*Andantino*P. de FAYE
Arranged

p

1. Dream, dream, O sil - ver stream, 'Neath yon qui - et wil-low
 2. Croon, croon be-neath the moon Where your lil - y pools are

mp

hid - ing. . Flow, flow, mur-m'ring low,
 ly - ing. . Swift, swift, cease to drift,

mp
 Flow, . flow, mur - m'ring soft and low, sil - ver
 Swift, . swift, will you cease to drift when the

glid
ply

Stream for - ev - er sea - ward glid - ing, on . you
 Bus - y mills their wheels are ply - ing, as . you

ing!
ing.

dim.

go! . Sil - ver stream, tell me your dream, dream; .
 flow? . Sil - ver stream, be - neath the moon, croon; .
dim.

p

O SILVER STREAM (CONTINUED)

59

p

Far, far by har - bor bar Ships at an - chor are
Far, far where white ships are Turns my fan - cy with

rid - ing. Flow, . . . flow, . . .
sigh - ing. Flow, . . . flow, . . .

mf

Flow, . . . flow, . . .

Down to the sails and the sea, . Oh, bear them a song · from
Down to the sails and the sea, . Oh, bear them a song · from

mf

Down to the dis - tant sea, . Oh, bear a song · from
Down to the dis - tant sea, . Oh, bear a song · from

1. *dim.*

me, . a song from me. .

2. *f*

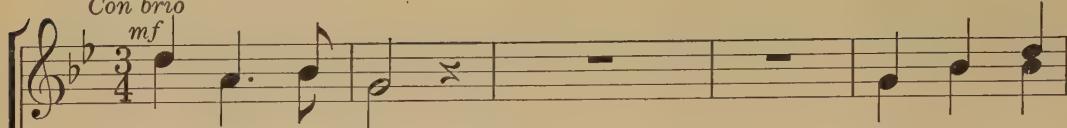
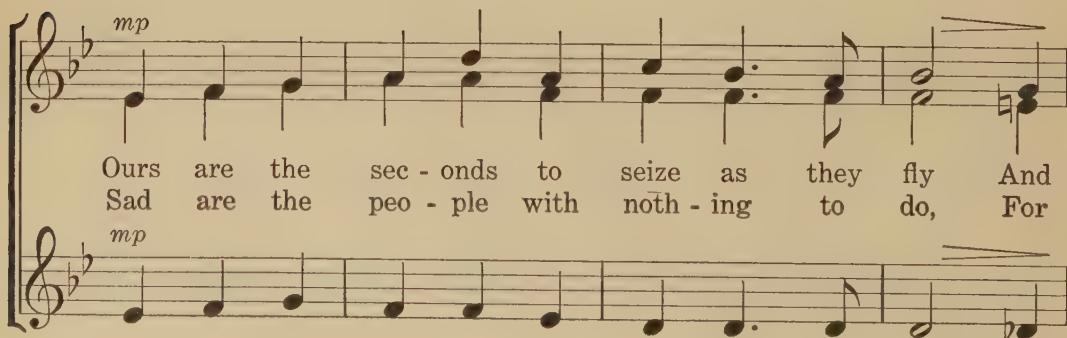
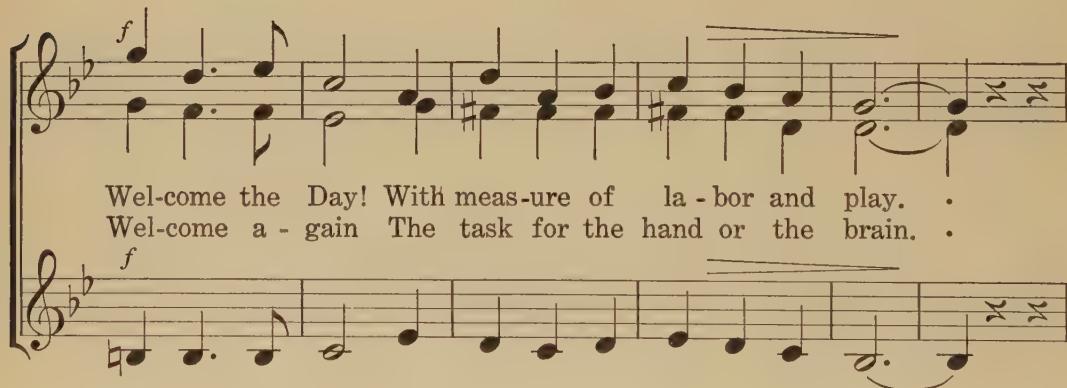
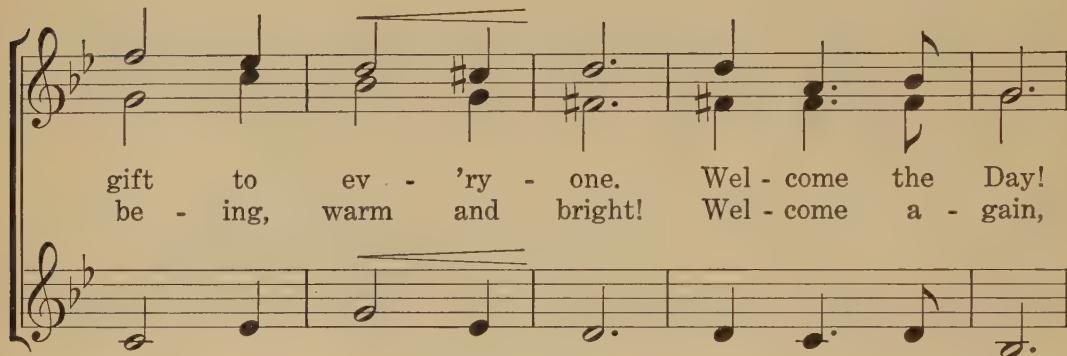
me, . a song from me. .

dim.

HAIL TO THE SUN!

ABBY FARWELL BROWN

EARL TOWNER

*Con brio**mf**mf*

HAIL TO THE SUN! (CONTINUED)

61

turn in - to treas-ure un - told; Ours are the mo-ments that
 where is the joy of their day? Hap-pi-ness ev - er a -

wealth un told; day!

quick-ly go by, Built in - to hours of pure gold.
 waits me and you, Bus - y and ac-tive and gay.

Hours Life pure gold.
 is gay.

mf

Hail to the Sun! Hail to the Sun! Bring-ing a gift to
 Hail to the Light! Hail to the Light! Source of our be - ing,
mf *cres.*

ev - 'ry - one. Wel-come the Day! Wel - come the Day! Our
 warm and bright! Wel-come a - gain, Wel - come a - gain, Our

f

own . rare gift, . part work, part . play.
 own . good task . for hand or . . brain.

un poco rit

un poco rit

Hail to the Sun, Hail to the Sun!
 Hail to the Light, Hail to the Light!

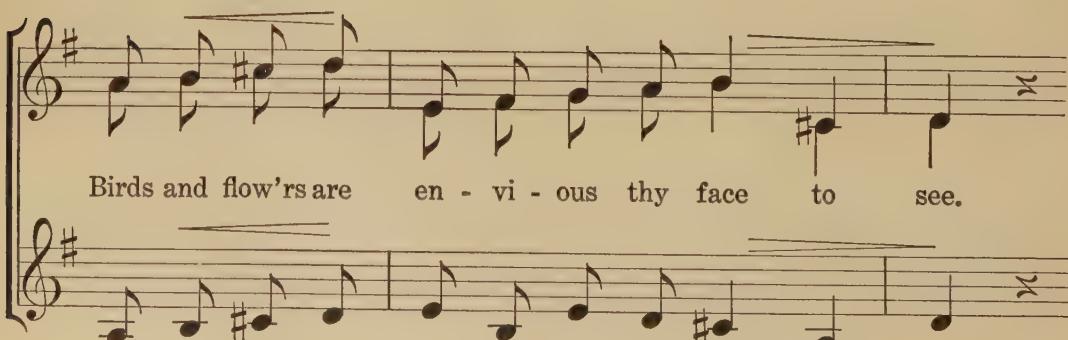
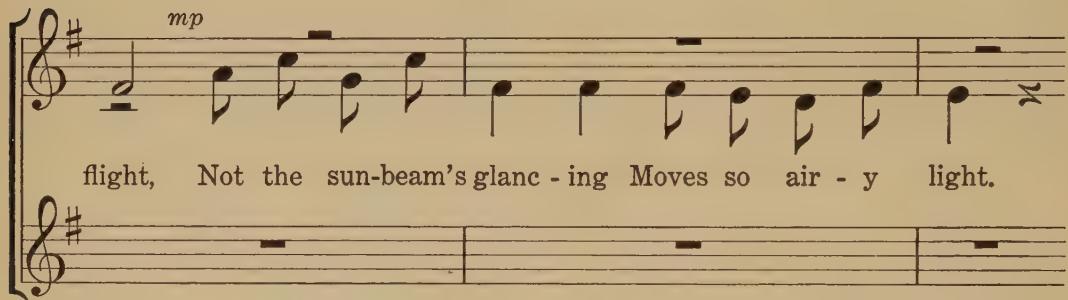
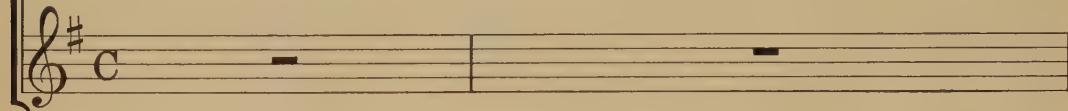
THE GAVOTTE

EUGENE BAZOT

English version by M. LOUISE BAUM

GASTON LEMAIRE

Arranged by H. S. LEAVITT

Leggiero

THE GAVOTTE (CONTINUED)

63

Seem - ly thy at - tire is, Scent - ed like the rose, Lav - en - der and
mf

Scent - ed like the rose,

i - ris From thy foot - ing flows; Rare and deb - o -
mp

From thy foot - ing flows; *mp* Deb - o - -

cres.

naire is Ev - 'ry look and line, O thou sum of
cres.

love - li - ness, Wert thou but mine! Pow - der on thy

heap of ra - ven hair *mp* Adds a sheen of sil - ver,

THE GAVOTTE (CONTINUED)

Fashion's art-ful wear. Sil - ver heels are tilt - ing, slim and

O my love - ly La - dy, be but mine! *mp.*

fine, . O my La - dy, be but mine! Fair Mar- *mp.*

quise of old - en days, Tell me not nay, I

nev - er nay!

cres.

pray; . From thy frame of fil - i - gree Trip out to

cres.

me, to me. Ah, were maids but now so

Gra - cious be to me.

THE GAVOTTE (CONTINUED)

65

state - ly sweet as thou, as thou! Would they
 Love - ly now! Oh, would they

bor - row half thy charm, 'Twould do no harm, rit. no harm.
 rit. Oh, no harm, no harm!

a tempo State - ly is thy danc - ing, Win - ning is thy
 - - - -

smile, Dig - ni - ty en - hanc - ing Beau - ty all the while.

Mod - est thy ad - vanc - ing, Care - ful, yet at ease,
 Mod - est, care - ful, yet at ease,

THE GAVOTTE (CONTINUED)

Ladies of the olden days were proud to please.

Danc - ing so de - mure - ly, Ex - qui - site thy art;
mf Ex - qui - site thy art;

mp

Thou, Mar - quise, se - cure - ly Hast my loy - al heart.

Hast my loy - al heart.

Maids to - day would sure - ly Win me, would they dance
cres.

Maids could sure - ly Win me, would they dance
cres.

With thy grace and ease, Mar - quise of old - time France.
mf *cres.*

HIS DREAM

67

After the GERMAN
by LOUISE STICKNEY

Pensieroso

ROBERT SCHUMANN
Arranged



1. I dreamed that I wan - dered a - gain on the wold, The
2. I saw the pale wil - low that looks in the mere, The

mp



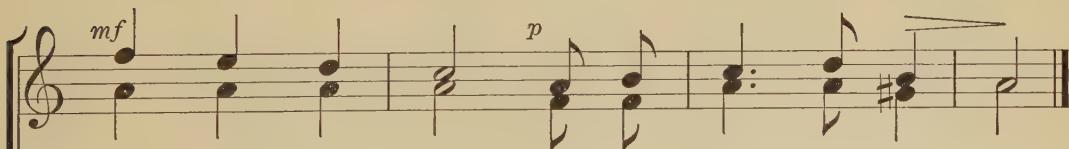
black - bird sang clear as I've heard him of old; I
black - bird sang on with a note loud and clear; I



knocked at the door that once was my own, . . But
called them by name, my dear friend - ly folk, . . Still

mp

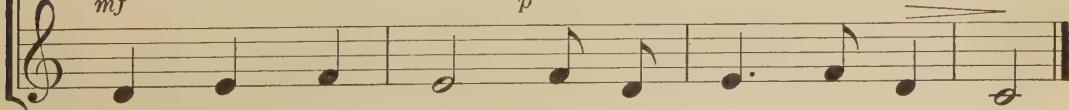
cres.



si - lence re - plied, and I wait - ed a - lone.
si - lence re - plied, and I wept when I woke.

mf

p



THE SONG OF THE LARK

DENIS A. McCARTHY

*Allegretto**mf*

IRISH FOLK TUNE

Arranged

1. His mu - sic ten - der - ly, sweet - ly, slen - der - ly
 2. For shel - tered co - si - ly where so ros - i - ly

Thread-ing the ear - ly blue, The lark has ris - en from
 Clo - ver is flushed with light, His love a - waits him while

night's dull pris-on With song that is fresh as dew. Still
 song e - late-s him In yon - der ma - jes - tic height. The

high - er go - ing Past : all know - ing,
 world . may laud . him, All : ap - plaud : him,

Far Fame he con - soars, : : A She
 Hon-or and fame to con - fer; While down the az - ure a

Lost in the ze - nith he con - soars, : : p But mid the clo - ver she

gold - en treas-ure In song to the mead-ow he pours.
lists her lov - er And knows that his song is for her.

IN THE GARDEN

ROBERT BRIGHAM

FAY WILSON

1. Sweet is the pur-ple i - ris, Sweet is the queen-ly rose,
2. Cos - mos may shine in sil - ver, Lark - spur be brave in blue,

Sweet - ly the breath of lil - ies O - ver the gar-den flows;
Crim - son may deck the dahl-lias, Clos - ing the year's re-view;

Sweet - er, though all un - seen, Is mi-gnon-ette in brown and green.
She is my choice a - lone, Shy mi-gnon-ette in green and brown.

LOVELY JUNE

M. LOUISE BAUM
Dolce con grazia

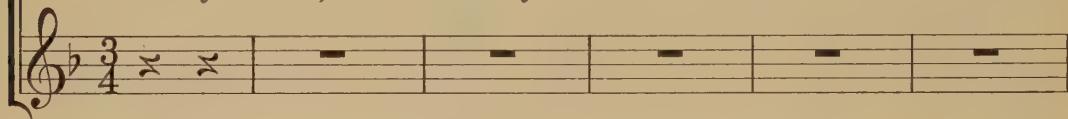
GAETANO DONIZETTI
Arranged



1. Love-ly June is queen of all the year, The birds with
2. Love-ly June, how kind your fa-vors are To those who



1. Love-ly June is queen of all the year, The birds with
2. Love-ly June, how kind your fa-vors are To those who



songs ac-claim her, With a crown of ros-es round her
long for free-dom, And the high-way lur-ing us a-



songs ac-claim her, With a crown of ros-es round her
long for free-dom, And the high-way lur-ing us a-



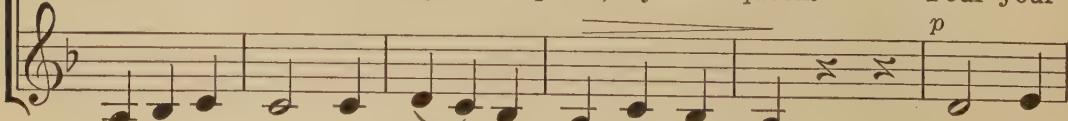
hair, Her gar-ments lac - y green.
far Is yours, O roy - al queen.

p poco piu moto
She's a la - dy
And you pour your



hair, Her gar-ments lac - y green, lac - y green.
far Is yours, O roy - al queen, roy - al queen.

La - dy
Pour your



LOVELY JUNE (CONTINUED)

71

LOVELY JUNE (CONTINUED)

proud gold and of sun - cious Till her throne room
 Till the poor - est

proud . gold and of sun - cious, Till throned 'neath
 each

hung with blue; hand o'er - flows; . . . Oh, sweet June is the queen of the
 world's ad - o - dim.

skies of blue; hand o'er - flows; . . . Sweet June is the queen of
 our ad - o - dim.

sea - sons, ration Let us of - fer our hom-age a - new. . .

Mid the in - cense of lil - y and rose. . .

sea - sons; Oh, let us of - fer our hom-age a - new. . .

ra - tion, Crown her mid in - cense of lil - y and rose. . .

THE NEW YEAR

M. LOUISE BAUM
Animato

PETER ILJITCH TSCHAIKOWSKY
Arranged



1. Who comes with danc - ing . glee, Smil - ing on you . and . me,
2. Free - ly his gifts . he . flings, Work, play, and count - less things,



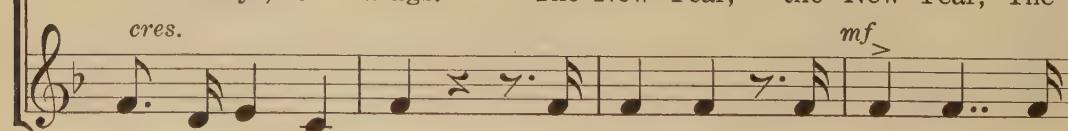
Trip - ping light with prom - ise bright? Oh, see! Yes, 'tis the
Loss and gain, and sun and rain He brings. Choose then the



glad . New Year, Still to the peo - ple . dear. Bring him in with
bet - ter . part, He gives the ask - ing . heart Hon - est joys, or



cheer - y din, 'Tis he! The New Year, the New Year, The
child - ish toys, Or wings. The New Year, the New Year, The



THE NEW YEAR (CONTINUED)

73

leggiere

glad, the gay, the gal - lant New Year; Oh, wel - come the
glad, the gay, the gal - lant New Year; Oh, wel - come the
glad, gal - lant New Year; Oh, wel - come the
glad, gal - lant New Year; Oh, wel - come the
New Year, The har - bin - ger of life and joy.
New Year, The har - bin - ger of life and joy.
New Year. He brings life and joy.
New Year. He brings life and joy.

RUTH AND NAOMI

After the FRENCH
by MARY STANHOPE

CÉSAR FRANCK
Arranged

A musical score for a soprano voice. The top staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of four flats, and a common time signature. The tempo is marked as Lusingando and mp (mezzo-forte). The vocal line consists of eighth-note chords and sustained notes. The lyrics begin with "Bid me not to leave thee, Doubly to be - reave thee," followed by "Let me dwell be - side . thee, Share what e'er be - tide . thee." The bottom staff shows a continuation of the melody with a treble clef, four flats, and common time, also marked mp.

A musical score for a two-part setting of "O Little Town of Bethlehem". The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in E major. The lyrics are as follows:
Where thou go - est I will go, · Though by · paths un - trod.
Moth-er, be thy peo-ple mine, · Ev - en · mine thy God.
The score includes dynamic markings like *mf*, *dim. e rall.*, and *p*.

EYE HATH NOT SEEN

From the Bible
Andantino religioso

ALFRED R. GAUL
Arranged from "The Holy City"
by IDA MARIE BUNTING

The musical score consists of eight staves of music for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor/Bass) and piano. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature varies between common time and 3/4. The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, and tenor/bass. The piano part provides harmonic support and includes dynamic markings like *mp*, *cres.*, and *mf*. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words underlined to emphasize them. The score is set on a five-line staff system with a treble clef for the top two lines and a bass clef for the bottom three lines.

mp

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not

Neither have entered in - to the heart of man The

heard, Nor have en - tered in - to the heart of man.

mp *cres.*

things which God, which God hath pre - par ed For them that

mp *cres.*

The things which God hath pre - par ed for them that

mp

love Him, For them that love . . . Him. Eye hath not

mp

seen the things which God hath pre - par ed for them that .

mf

seen the things pre - par ed for them that .

mf

hath . . . not seen the things pre - par ed for them that

EYE HATH NOT SEEN (CONTINUED)

75

piu mosso

love Him. There re - main - eth therefore a rest

for the peo - ple, the peo - ple of God. Therefore

fear, . . . therefore fear, . . . Lest

Therefore fear,

Therefore fear, . . .

an - y come short . of it. Therefore

Therefore fear, . . .

fear, . . . therefore fear, (there - fore fear,) Lest

there - fore fear, there - fore fear, . . .

EYE HATH NOT SEEN (CONTINUED)

an - y come short . of it, Lest an - y come
 dim. e

ritenuto *Tempo primo*
 short, come short of it. Eye hath not seen,
ritenuto *Tempo primo*

Eye hath not

ear hath not heard, Neith - er have en - tered
 seen, ear hath not heard, Nor have

the things which
 in - to the heart of man, Eye hath not seen the
 en - tered in - to the heart of man, the things . which

God hath pre-pared, *rall.*
 things pre-pared, pre-pared for them that love . . . Him.
rall.

God hath pre - pared, pre - pared for them that love . . . Him.

The musical score consists of six staves of music for a single voice. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature varies between common time and 2/4. Performance markings include 'dim.', 'e', 'ritenuto', 'Tempo primo', and 'rall.'. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words underlined. The vocal range is mostly within the soprano or alto range.

THE GYPSY PEDDLER

77

M. F. PIAVE

English version by

M. LOUISE BAUM

mf Giocoso

GIUSEPPE VERDI

Arranged from

"La Forza del Destino"

1. Stay but to try them, Sure - ly you'll buy them, Knives and rings,
 2. Come, choose a trin - ket, Cheap you will think it, Good as new,

Chains and things, This is your chance, sir; Silks o - ri - en - tal,
 Fit for you, Spare it a glance, sir; Or if you'd sell, sir,

Bright, or - na - men - tal, Bar-gains all, the price is small, Come,
 I'd nev - er tell, sir; Buy your gold or jew - els old, Come,

maids or men! They're bar - gains all, the price is
 maids or men! To buy and sell and serve you

cres.
small, The gyp - sy ped - dler's here : a - gain.
well, The gyp - sy ped - dler's here : a - gain.

SONG OF ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS

ABIE FARWELL BROWN

RALPH L. BALDWIN

*Con spirito**mf*

1. On - ward pranc - ing, keen - ly glanc - ing, Come ad -
 2. For - ward far - ing, great - ly dar - ing, Proud of

vanc - ing Knights of the Ta - ble Round. . .
 bear - ing, Knights of the Ta - ble Round. . .

fare we forth, Knights of the Ta - ble Round. . . Some
 on the Quest, Knights of the Ta - ble Round. . . Some

South - ward, north - ward, Tread-ing ho - ly ground.. For
 East - ward, west - ward, Till our task be found. . Per-

ride to south and some to north, Tread - ing ho - ly ground. .
 ride to east and some to west Till our task be found. .

love has toiled be - fore us, And faith has marked the road, . And
 haps to res - cue Beau - ty, Per - haps to pun - ish wrong, But

glo - ry arch - es o'er us Where the He - roes trod. . Ride
 on the path of du - ty Still our hearts are strong! Ride

He - roes brave have
 Hearts are sure and

trod. .
 strong. .

SONG OF ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS (CONTINUED)

79

on! . Ride on! . You no - ble Knights, in Ar-thur's name! Ride
 on! . Ride on! . You no - ble Knights, a - cross the world! Ride *cres.*
 on! . Ride on! . With val - or for your crest, . Each
 on! . Ride on! . With hon - or for your shield, . Your

leggiero
 jew - eled sword so bright and true Is glow - ing like a
 ban - ner - ets of loy - al blue A - bout your heads un-

flame. Ride on! . Ride on! . The King has need of you; Through
 furled. Ride on! . Ride on! . The King has faith in you; . By

rain and sun till you have won Your knight - ly *molto* *cres.* *ff*
 day and night de - fend the right And nev - er Quest. :
 yield. :

AUTUMN

FOLGER MCKINSEY

Andante con moto

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

mp

1. Don't you know it's au - tumn, And the folks have put a-
 2. Don't you know it's au - tumn, And the folks have been so

mp

way The film - i - ness of sum - mer And the
 smart They've packed a - way a thou - sand Dreams of

mf

rhap - so - dy of May, : . Pack - ing up the
 sum - mer in the heart, : . The mag - ic of bright

bub - bles and the blos - soms, and the dew, To
 morn - ings with the rob - ins sing - ing sweet, And the

Till the A - pril
 And the ros - es

keep them o - ver win - ter Till the
 mar - i-golds and clo - ver, And the

AUTUMN (CONTINUED)

81

buds
in come the true.
wheat.

A - pril buds come true.
ros - es in the wheat.

3. Don't you know it's

p

au - tumn And . ev - 'ry - where in town They're

wrap-ping up the mem'ries That the sum-mer show-ered down,
un poco rit.

Nights of sil - ver moon - light, with a rip - ple on the

mf

stream, And . lov - ers in the li - lacs, And .
cres.

stream, ah, moon-light And . lov - ers in the li - lacs

dim.

dim.

sil - ver stream, Lov - ers in the li - lacs,

AUTUMN (CONTINUED)

lov - ers, and the old, old dream. Old, old dream.

And the old, old dream. Old, old dream.

HUNGARIAN DANCE

ČZARDAS

JOHN REED
Spiritoso *mf*

1. Turn - ing, tread - ing, maz - es thread-ing, How the danc-ers
2. Stamp-ing, kneel - ing, bend - ing, wheel - ing, Gal - lant-ly he

HUNGARIAN MELODY

wind and swing Light a-round the grass-y ring. Gyp - sy mu - sic
leads the maid In and out the leaf - y glade. Crim-son heels are

cres.

sways them, Com - pell - ing ere - it stays them, As
flash - ing, And sil - ver spurs are clash - ing, While

cres.

hand on hip, and head in air, . Proud of skill they cir - cle there.
scarfs of ev - 'ry hue en - hance Hun - ga-ry's vi - va-ciousdance.

IN MORNING LIGHT

83

ROBERT BRIGHAM

Allegretto

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD

Arranged from "Cinq Mars"

mp

1. Where I roam when morn - ing is near, Yours the voice in
 2. Skies are grow - ing crys - tal and gold, So your maid - en

bird song I hear; Vio - let's op - ning eyes, O my dear, Are your
 fan - cies un - fold; All the land in light I be-hold As when

own, in their blue be - guil - ing. Sweet the fresh-ness
 you turn to greet me, smil - ing. Dawn may o - pen

own, in their blue be - guil - ing so sweet!
 you turn to greet me, smil - ing at dawn.

born of the dew. Sweet - er still my thoughts of you.
 ros - y and bright, You a - lone dis - pel my night..

cres. But Ah, sweet you - er can my thoughts of you.
 mf night.

What if will - ful wild-rose knew It is you in her name I praise!
 You are still the morn - ing light Bring-ing beau-ty to all my days.

THE HIKE

NELLIE POORMAN

*Marziale**mf*

HARRY HARTS

1. Hear the drum, boys! On we come, boys! Keep - ing
 2. Off to - geth - er, scorn - ing weath - er, For we

time with march-ing feet, We're off to-day, a jol - ly band, All
 love the o - pen air; We're friends with wind and rain and cold, They

val - iant of heart and strong of hand; We are read - y, firm and
 make ev - 'ry scout more free and bold; Voic - es ring - ing, or - ders

We Our fear no have de - feat, care,
 f cres. steady, For we fear no real de - feat, care,
 fling - ing; Yes, our hearts are free of care, *mf*

Nor We're fear free de - feat, care, We're a March-ing

All March pledged to do the kind and true For -
 mile on mile in gal - lant style, Though

loy - al crew, All Oh, pledged to do the kind and true For -
 songs be - guile, Oh, mile on mile in gal - lant style, Though

ev - er, fail-ing nev - er, Ev - 'ry scout will car - ry through.
wea - ry, scouts are cheer - y, Meet-ing trou - bles with a smile.

A SONG

M. LOUISE BAUM

Lento espressivo
mp

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Arranged

1. I hear a sound of · sing-ing go A - cross drear-y moors mid
2. He sings of fire - side peace and cheer, Of moth-er - ly love and

I hear a · sound of song mid ·
He sings of · peace and cheer and ·
A - cross drear - y moors mid ·
Of moth - er - ly love and ·

- dark-ness and snow, A lone-ly child Who sings of · hope and of home - land.
fa - ther-ly care. O slen - der song That lights the des - o - late moor - land!

- dark-ness and snow, A lone-ly child Who sings of hope and of home - land.
fa - ther-ly care. O slen - der song That lights the des - o - late moor - land!

THE WHIPPOORWILL

ROBERT HILLYER
Pensieroso

ADOLF WEIDIG

1. Thrush is still, Wakes the lone - ly
2. Oth - ers sleep! Dark-ling vig - il

mp

1. The ghost - ly her - mit thrush is still, Now wakes the lone - ly
2. O haunt - ing voice, while oth - ers sleep Our dark - ling vig - il

whip - poor - will : Sad noc - tur - nal song : :
we shall keep, : Till a - cross the dark : :

whip - poor - will Sad noc - tur - nal song : That
we shall keep, Till a - cross the dark : The

dim.

Through the wood . the whole night long, The voice of one re -
Morn - ing calls . her joy - ful lark. Be - fore the dawn - ing

dim.

comes morn - the whole night long. The voice of one re -
ing calls the lark. Be - fore the ros - y,

p

mem - bered dream Comes back to roam be - side the stream Where
height is clear, Be - fore the sun has hurled his spear, We

mem - bered dream Comes back : : : : Where
dawn - ing height is clear, : : : : We

THE WHIPPOORWILL (CONTINUED)

87

cres.

on - ly danc - ing moon-beams share The qui - e - tude . of
two shall hide . our cres. dreams a - way In glades that nev - er

Whip - poor - will, It
Si - lent there To
shad - owed air, Whip - poor-will! No earth - ly bird, It
saw the day, Si - lent there to lie un - til Night

was the night I heard.
lie, O whip - poor-will!

p

was the night it self I heard. Thrush is
comes a - gain, O whip - poor-will! Oth - ers

mp

The ghost - ly her - mit
O haunt - ing voice! While

still, Wakes the lone - ly whip-poor-will .
sleep, Dark - ling vig - il we shall keep,

thrush is still, Now wakes the lone - ly whip - poor-will,
oth - ers sleep, Our dark - ling vig - il we shall keep,

THE WHIPPOORWILL (CONTINUED)

Sad nocturnal song . . . Through the wood the
Till a-cross the dark . . . Morn-ing calls her

Sad noc - tur - nal song . That comes the
Till a - cross the dark . The morn - ing

whole night long, Sing - ing, sing - ing all night long .
joy - ful lark, Morn - ing, morn - ing calls her lark.

whole calls night long. pp
her lark.

THE OLD CLOCK

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN
Ben marcato
mf

EARL TOWNER

1. To and fro, to and fro, Grand-fa-ther Clock
2. To and fro, to and fro, Grand-fa-ther Clock

1. To and fro, to and fro, Grand-fa-ther Clock .
2. To and fro, to and fro, Grand-fa-ther Clock .

1. and 2. Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, Tick, tock, tick, tock,

THE OLD CLOCK (CONTINUED)

89

mp

still you go! Creep-ing slow, creeping slow,
an - swers low, "Ver - y slow, ver - y slow,

mp

still you . go! As . creep-ing slow, creeping slow,
an - swers low, "Ah, . ver - y slow, ver - y slow,

mp

goes the . old clock. Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, .

piu mosso

One by one the . hours go. Who can speed the . steady pace?
When you're young I . seem so. I have run for . man - y years,

piu mosso

One by one the hours go. Who can speed the . steady pace?
When you're young I seem so. I have run for . man - y years,

Hour by hour creeps ver - y slow.

cres. *mf*

Who jump a space? Should one shake him
Through joys and tears. I go speed - ing

cres. *mf*

Who can make him . jump a space? Should one shake him .
Years that brought both . joy and tears. I go speed - ing .

cres. *mf*

THE OLD CLOCK (CONTINUED)

rit. *mf a tempo*
 Could one make him Change his sol - emn meas - ure? To and fro,
 While un - heed-ing You waste time in pleas - ure. To and fro,
 rit. *mf a tempo*
 Could one make him Change his sol - emn meas - ure? To and fro,
 While un - heed-ing You waste time in pleas - ure. To and fro,
 rit. *mf a tempo*
 to and fro, Grand - father Clock, hob-blung so! Creep-ing slow,
 to and fro, Day aft-er day, still I go. Ver - y slow,
 dim. e
 to and fro, Grand - father Clock, hob-blung so! A - creep-ing slow,
 to and fro, Day aft-er day, . still I . go. So . ver - y slow,
 dim. e
 ver - y slow, Come now, just a lit - tle fast - er go!
 ver - y slow, Yet in time you will not think me so."
 rit. *a tempo*
 ver - y slow, Come now, just a lit - tle fast - er go!
 ver - y slow, Yet in . time you will not think me so."
 rit. *a tempo*
 Just a lit - tle I fast - er . . go!
 "Time will prove I am not . . so."

THE BLACKSMITH

91

CAROLINE FULLER

Energico

SWEDISH FOLK TUNE

f

1. Oh, the glam - our, cheer - y clam - or, In the
 2. Ham - mer swing - ing, an - vil ring - ing, Chim - ing

f

smith - y down the street! . O . Vul-can's mighty ham-mer, We .
 out a bold re - ply, . Bright sparks in clus-ters fling-ing, Like .

mf

Vul - can's ham - mer, We .
 Sparks are fling-ing, Like .

mp

love your rhyth-mic . beat. With . lust - y bel - lows blow - ing
 shoot-ing stars they . fly. The blacksmith sings a glad - song,

To fan the forge fire's blaz - ing : bed, When the
 A lust - y bal - lad loud and clear. You will

mf

The fire's blaz - ing bed, When the
 A song loud and clear.

cres.

iron with heat is glow-ing, O : smith, shape it true while 'tis red.
 nev - er hear a sad song; He : strikes from his iron heart - y cheer.

cres.

THE SHIP OF STATE

JEAN NEAL
Grandioso
mf

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
Arranged

The musical score consists of eight staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano range, and the piano part provides harmonic support. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words underlined to indicate stress or emphasis. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mf*, *cres.*, and *f*.

Text:

1. Oh, the State is like a ship, (like a ship) Set - ting
 2. Oh, the Ship is fair to see, (fair to see) Strong of
 3 Oh, the Ship for - ev - er sails. (ev - er sails) She will

forth up - on a trip; (on a trip) Ev - 'ry
 build and proud and free; (proud and free) By the
 weath - er fierc - est gales, (fierc - est gales) With the

sail must be all read - y, And the bal - last must be
 toil of pa - triots build - ed, By the love of he - roes
 gal - lant Cap - tain steer - ing, And the bus - y sea - men

read - y, And the
 build - ed, By the
 steer - ing, And the

stead - y While the Cap - tain charts the
 weld - ed, With a com - pass which is
 cheer - ing. Called to *mf* fill the loy - al *cres.*

stead - y . . . While the
 weld - ed, . . . With a
 cheer - ing. . . Called to

way; All the sail - ors must o - obey.
 Law; Such a ship man nev - er saw.
 crew, What a test for *f* me and you.

NELLIE POORMAN

Con grazia

R. HUNTINGTON WOODMAN

mp

Trav - - el
If ad - - in
Dressed

1. We trav - el in com - fort wher - ev - er we
2. If dan - ger - ous sport or ad - ven - ture we
3. To day we are wear - ing a doub - let of

please,
seek,
green,
To Af - ri - ca,
A ride on the
surf in Ha - wai - i may
De - fy - ing King Rich - ard with Rob - in, the

please, : To Af - - - ri - - - ca, Lon - don, or
seek, : A ride in Ha - wai - i may
green, : Meet Rich - ard with Rob - in the

Nice. We . vis - it Ve - su - vi - us, moun - tain of
thrill; A . coast on to - bog - gans, Ca - na - di - an
bold; To - mor - row we're off with The Three Mus - ket - cres.

mf

dim.

fire, Then fly on our car - pet of mag - ic to Greece. A -
style, Or ski-jump-ing give us a com - i - cal spill. Fierce
eers With swords ev - er ready the King to up - hold. A -

mf

dim.

PICTURES (CONTINUED)

cross the blue wa - ters to E - gypt we sail. Tall
 li - ons and ti - gers in Ma - lay we hunt, Cou -
 non we are play - ing a cow - boy or prince, Or
cres.

cam - els we ride o'er Sa - ha - ra's hot sand; And
 ra - geous ex - plor - ers all fear - less and free. We
 e'en a Cru - sad - er or cour - te - ous knight; But
cres.

when we are wea - ry of o - ri - ent scenes. And
 rush through the air in an aér - o - plane fine, . Or
 ev - er our rôle is the no - ble and brave, . We're
mf

long for the sight of a green north - ern land, . The
 float in a sub - ma - rine un - der the sea; . What -
 fight - ing the wrong or de - fend - ing the right. . *mp* The

pic - tures trans - port us wher - e'er we com - mand.
 ev - er we do, we're as safe as can be.
 pic - tures en - dow us with won - der - ful might.

RIENZI'S SONG

95

RICHARD WAGNER

Paraphrase by M. L. BAUM

RICHARD WAGNER

Arranged from "Rienzi"

Allegro con brio

1. A - rise, : my peo - ple, rise To break the ty - rant's
2. Re - call : your high re - noun, The ea - gle's flight of

chains, 'Tis the pride of an - cient glo - ry Our
old, And her cit - i - zens' own Trib - une Shall

lib - er-ty sus - tains; To hearts of loy - al
Rome : a-gain up - hold. The clash. . of le - gions

cres.

To hearts of loy - al
The clash of le - gions

mf

Ro - mans Our God re - veals the right, And 'tis
arm - ing As - sures your splen - did pow'r To re -
cres.

Ro - mans
arm - ing

f

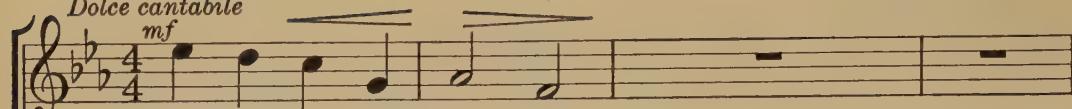
He in-spires Ri - en - zi To lead you out of night.
store the peo - ple's free-dom, The Ro-mans' an - cient dow'r.

f

DAY-SPRING

JOHN REED
Dolce cantabile
mf

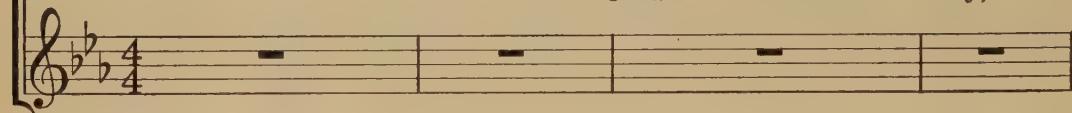
MARTHA WHITE



1. Man - y love the gloam - ing,
2. Man - y love the noon - tide,

mp

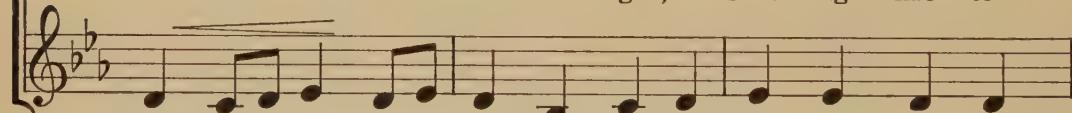
Man - y love the . night,
Crown of sum - mer's day,



Vel - vet . blue with . stars a - glow, Dim and . sweet with .
Oth - ers . love the . lat - er light, Calm-ing . life to .



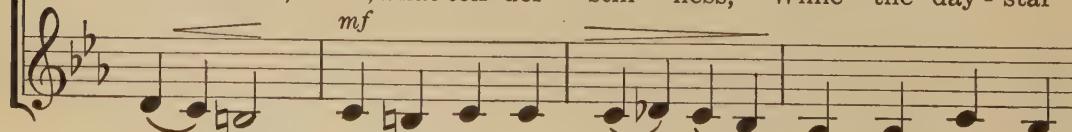
Vel - vet . blue with . stars a - glow, . Dim and . sweet with .
Oth - ers . love the . lat - er light, . Calm-ing . life to .



per - fume; Oh, but what a sweet - ness Breathes o'er or-chard
lei - sure; Ah, what ten-der still - ness, While the day-star



per - fume; Oh, but what a sweet - ness Breathes o'er or-chard
lei - sure; Ah, what ten-der still - ness, While the day-star





lawns, O - pal turns to gold And morn - ing .
wans, Lifts the heart to praise When morn - ing .

REFRAIN

6=1 con moto

dawns! dawns! Day-spring, how love - ly your ris - ing, Dew-bright and

still, Day-spring, when life is young And ros - es star the hill;

Day - spring, the hour of all re - new - al, Joy - ful for

Day - spring, life's re - new - al, Hour for

DAY-SPRING (CONTINUED)

f

roam - ing, Oh, sing that sweet-est hour when morn - ing dawns!
rit.

joy - ful · roam-ing,

THE OAK TREE

ROBERT BRIGHAM
*Moderato*ALFRED SCOTT GATTY
Arranged

mp

1. I stood be - side an an - cient oak That flourished fair and
2. Oh, have you seen the fal - low deer A - long your leaf - y

wide glade? And spread its arms as if to shade Full
Did pi - o - neers their ax - es turn To

p *leggiero*

half the coun - try - side. I said, "O grand and
spare your might - y shade? And oh, have for - est

an - cient tree, How fresh and green you are! star, . Whathave you
lov - ers come When shone the eve - ning To tell their

THE OAK TREE (CONTINUED)

99

seen, . Your boughs be - tween, In days that lie a - -
 vows . Be - neath your boughs, In days that lie a - -

REFRAIN
Piu lento
mf

far?" O . . state - ly tree, . Glo - ri - ous to
 far? *mf*

see, . Strong to en - dure, . Stead - fast and sure, As
cres.

high . o'er the land . Proud - ly you stand,
f

Watch - ing while far be - low men . come . . and . go.
mf

The musical score consists of five staves of music for voice and piano. The top two staves are for the voice, with the first staff in common time and the second in 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in common time throughout. The score includes lyrics for the first section and a refrain. The first section has three stanzas. The first stanza ends with a repeat sign and a new section begins with the word 'far?'. The second stanza ends with a repeat sign and a new section begins with 'see,'. The third stanza ends with a repeat sign and a new section begins with 'high'. The fourth section starts with 'Watch - ing while far'. The music features various dynamics like 'mf', 'f', and 'cres.', and performance instructions like 'Piu lento' and 'mf' for the refrain. The piano part includes bass notes and chords.

THE BUCCANEER

Paraphrase from "CLAUDINE"
by MARY STANHOPE
mf Con spirito

FRANZ SCHUBERT
Arranged

1. I sail the high seas o - ver, A bold and care-free.
 2. Where Drake and Ra - leigh led me I teach the Don to .
 3. I'll drive King Phil - ip's min - ions From out the new do -

rov - er,-Cape Horn to Mal - a - bar, My on - ly guide a .
 dread me; A - round the globe and back I trace Ma - gel - lan's
 min - ions, Set free, for-ev - er - more, A - mer - i - ca's long

star. When - ev - er 'tis a du - ty To seize the Span-ish
 track. The Car - ib - be - an treas - ure I plun - der at my
 shore. My stur - dy pri - va - teer - ing The main of Span-iards

boot - y The har - dy Buc - ca - neer Strikes not his flag to .
 pleas - ure; The har - dy Buc - ca - neer Strikes not his flag to .
 clear - ing At last will make the . sea The high - way of . the

fear. The har - dy Buc - ca - neer Strikes not his flag to . fear.
 fear. The har - dy Buc - ca - neer Strikes not his flag to . fear.
 free, At last will make the . sea The high - way of the free.

HAREBELL AND ROSE

101

Translated by
M. LOUISE BAUM
Andantino

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
Arranged

The musical score consists of six staves of music in G major, 3/4 time. The vocal part is in soprano range, accompanied by piano. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines.

1. Cool and still the leaf - y nook, Not a zeph - yr

2. 'Hare - bell, what has fright - ened thee? Here is naught a -

stir - ring, Where the soft - ly sing - ing brook

alarm - ing.' "Rose - bud pricks and pinch - es me,

Keeps the mill-wheel whir - ring; Deep the vale and green the wood,

Rose you find so charm - ing.' "Gen - tle flow'r, for - get, for - give,

Deep the vale and wood, Ros - y

"Gen - tle flow'r, for - give, Sharp and

Col - or fills the sun - set skies, And there a blue - eyed flow'r from

Thorn - y man - ners mark the rose; But oh, what kind - ness in that

tear - ful trou - bled eyes.

out her hood Looks at me with tear - ful, trou - bled eyes.

heart must live Whence such fragrant sweetness o - ver - flows!"

With tear - ful, trou - bled eyes,

Such sweet - ness o - ver - flows!"

ELLA M. BOULT

*Animato**mf*

ELBRIDGE W. NEWTON

1. Gyp - sy, tell me all the lures that call you,
 2. Fol - low, fol - low still if you'd be free, man;

mf

call you, Far and wide from place to place you
 oh, man, Cheer your jour - ney with a word and

roam.
song.

roam, you roam. Do no thoughts of
 song, a song. Break your path to

mp

home . still en - thrall you? Tell me, You who know no
 where . you would be, man,— yes, man, There's the faith that

mp

mp

bid - ing place nor home, (nor home.) Always
makes the wan-d'rer strong, (so strong.) Paths of
mf

wan - d'ring through the gay or gloom - y weath - er,
far lands, paths of dai - ly work or pleas - ure,

mf

Al - ways squan - d'ring hours of i - dle ease to - geth - er,
All are same paths, ask - ing pow'r in e - qual meas - ure,
mf

Al - ways you're squan - d'ring
All are the same paths,

molto cres.

Go - ing on to far - ther lands, for - eign strands, hap - py bands,
Safe at home or far - ing far, near or far, watch your star!
molto cres.

Go
Safe to or far - ther lands, far,

f

What en - tic - ing spir - it of wan - d'reng bids you come?
Here you have a pass-word that nev - er leads you wrong.

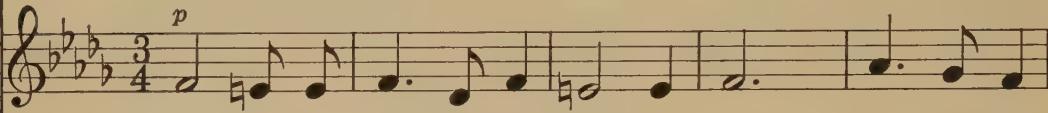
MORNING SONG

ROBERT HILLYER
Moderato espressivo

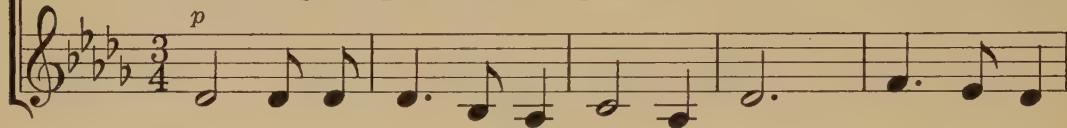
RALPH L. BALDWIN



1. Dark-ness has rolled from the val - ley lawn . O - ver the
2. Now through the gold - en, re - pose - ful hush . Come voic - es



1. Dark-ness has rolled from the val - ley lawn O - ver the
2. Now through the gold - en, re - pose - ful hush Come voic - es



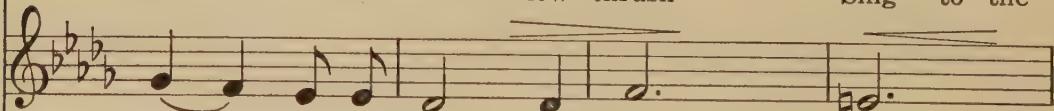
wan gray mist. : : : Swords of the Blue - bird and one by one. : : :



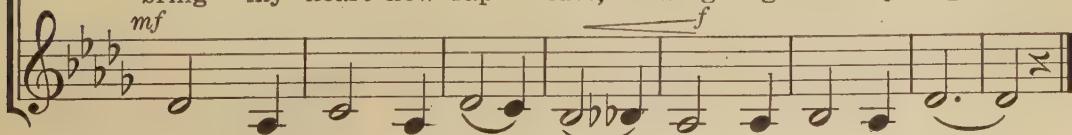
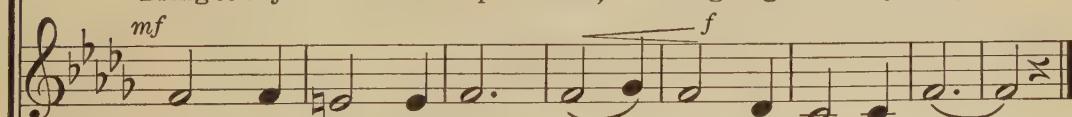
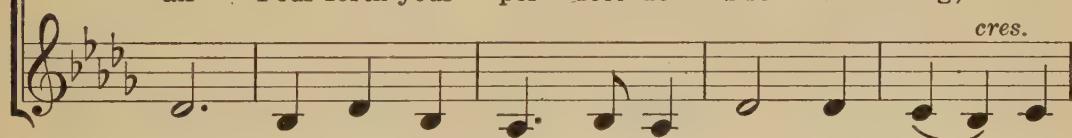
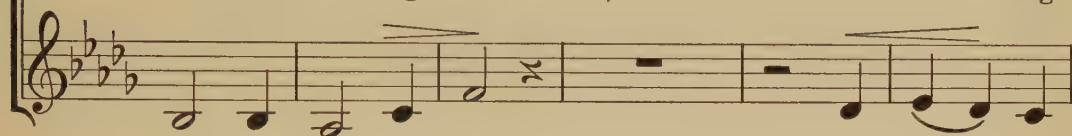
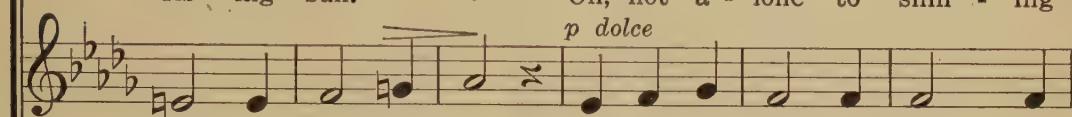
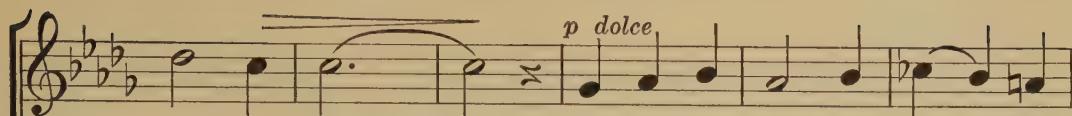
wan gray mist, : Where : the sun's bright one by one. : Soft : the blue - bird,



sun cleave a path . for dawn, Yel - low and war - bler and mel - low thrush Sing to the



swords cleave a path for dawn, Yel - - - war - bler, and mel - low thrush Sing



AURORA BOREALIS

NELLIE POORMAN

*Sostenuto**mp*

EARL TOWNER

1. The north-ern lights are show - ing A - cross the win - ter
 2. Bat - tal - ions from the north - land, Ad - vance the i - cy

mp

sky, The green flames flick - er, With star - light vie. They
 hordes; They wear bright ar - mor And swift sharp swords. The

mf

glow with sud - den splen - dor, Then soft - ly pale and wane, Like
 pal - ing stars they con - quer, All wheel in or-dered flight, Re-

mf

p *cres.* *poco a poco*

sweet ma - jes - tic mu - sic That swells on ris - ing,
 turn a - cross the heav - ens To furl their flash - ing

cres. *poco a poco*

Like sweet mu - sic That swells on ris - ing,
 O'er the heav - ens To furl their flash - ing

f

throb - bing strain, And dies a - way.
 ban - ners bright, And melt a - way.

molto dim.

throb - bing strain, And dies, a - way.
 ban - ners bright, And melt a - way.

CALM AS THE NIGHT

107

Translated by
M. LOUISE BAUM
Tranquillo

CARL BOHM
Arranged by H. S. LEAVITT

The musical score consists of six staves of music for voice and piano.

Staff 1: Treble clef, 6/4 time, key signature of four flats. Dynamics: *p*, *mf*. The lyrics are "Peace - ful as night, pure as the light, .".

Staff 2: Treble clef, 6/4 time, key signature of four flats. Dynamics: *p*, *mf*. The lyrics are "Peace - ful as night, pure as the light, .".

Staff 3: Treble clef, 6/4 time, key signature of four flats. Dynamics: *p*, *mf*. The lyrics are "Should thy de - vo - tion be; . Wide as the".

Staff 4: Treble clef, 6/4 time, key signature of four flats. Dynamics: *rit.*, *a tempo p*. The lyrics are "Should thy de - vo - tion be; . Wide as the".

Staff 5: Treble clef, 6/4 time, key signature of four flats. Dynamics: *rit.*, *a tempo p*. The lyrics are "Should thy de - vo - tion be; . Wide as the".

Staff 6: Treble clef, 6/4 time, key signature of four flats. Dynamics: *poco a poco cres.*, *f*, *f*. The lyrics are "sky . . when day - spring is nigh Should be thy".

Staff 7: Treble clef, 6/4 time, key signature of four flats. Dynamics: *poco a poco cres.*, *f*, *f*. The lyrics are "sky . . when day - spring is nigh . Should be thy .".

Staff 8: Treble clef, 6/4 time, key signature of four flats. Dynamics: *poco a poco cres.*, *f*. The lyrics are "sky . . when day - spring is nigh . Should be thy .".

love for me, thy love . for me, . Should be thy
 love for me, thy love . for me, . Should be thy
 Should be thy

love . . for me. If in thy heart
 love . . for me. If in thy heart

love, thy love for me. If in thy heart, if in . thy

love has its part, . . Let it e-

love has its part, . . Let it e-ter-nal, e-

heart love has part, . . Let it e-

CALM AS THE NIGHT (CONTINUED)

109

rall.

ter - - - nal be; Con - stant as stand . the

rall.

ter-nal and steady - fast be; Con - stant stand . the

rall.

ter - - - nal be;

ff.

hills o'er the land, So is my love for thee, my

ff.

hills o'er the land, So is my love for thee, my

ff.

p rit.

love . for thee . So is my love . for thee .

p rit.

love . for thee . So is my love . for thee .

p rit.

THE WILLOW AND THE OAK

After the Norwegian
by JOHN REED
Molto espressivo

NORWEGIAN FOLK TUNE
Arranged

mp

O'er vio - let's moss - y pil - low There bow'd a leaf - y

dim. e rit.

wil - low With fin - gers green and gold; "You

dim. e rit.

shel - ter me," 'twas vio - let spoke. "Nay, trust to me," cried

'Twas vio - let spoke. Cried old

cres.

rust - y oak, "For I brave the wild - est gale where

oak, . . . "I brave wild - est gale,

f

THE WILLOW AND THE OAK (CONTINUED)

Wil - low's heart would fail." At night the storm comes
 cres.

roar - ing And wil - low, meek - ly cow'r - ing, Pro -

tects the vio - let's bed; But, ah, the oak so

proud and strong, Al - though he wres - tles stark and long, Now

crash - ing to earth must go, His stub - born pride laid low.

Crescendo markings (cres.) appear above the first and second endings of the vocal line. Dynamics include *p*, *f*, *mf*, *sfz*, and *pp*. The vocal line consists of two endings, each with its own piano accompaniment. The vocal part uses a soprano C-clef, and the piano part uses a treble C-clef.

COUNTRY DANCE

English version by
ROBERT BRIGHAM

Allegro
mf

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH
Arranged from the "Peasants' Cantata"

1. We . dance, we . dance, while the pipes in mer - ry strife, In
 2. We . dance, we . dance, for we real - ly can-not stop, No,
 mer - ry, mer - ry strife Are
 nev - er, nev - er stop Till
 mark - ing the time and tune; We . sing, we . sing, nor can
 that . long . tune is still; We . go, we . go, as we
 help it for our life, No, not for ver - y, ver - y, ver - y,
 shall un - til we drop, Oh, ev - er, ev - er, ev - er, ev - er
 ver - y, ver - y life, To dance and sing in June. Our
 go un - til we drop, First up then down the hill. From

cres.

voic - es vie, let each man try To raise a glad - der,
dawn till dark, by field and park, On dust - y road or
a tempo cres.

fre - er - strain, We'll lift it clear, that song of cheer, Till
wind - y - mead We trip and whirl, nor cease to twirl Wher-

all the wel - kin - rings a - gain. We - dance, we - dance, while the
e'er the pipes our - steps may lead. We - dance, we - dance, while the

pipes in mer - ry strife, In mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry,
pipes in mer - ry strife, In mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry,

mer - ry, mer - ry strife Are mark - ing the time and tune.
mer - ry, mer - ry strife Are mark - ing the time and tune.

rit.

ROBIN'S RAIN SONG

WILLARD PATTON

CELIA THAXTER

*Allegretto**mf*

O . Rob - in, pipe no more of rain, 'Tis
 four days since we saw the sun; And still the mist - y
 win - dow-pane Is filled with drops that leap and run. Four.
 days a - go the . sky was clear; But . when my moth - er .
 heard you call, She said, "That's Rob-in's . rain song, dear; Oh,
 She said, "That's Rob - in, dear."

ROBIN'S RAIN SONG (CONTINUED)

115

dim.

well he knows when rain will fall." How nice to be a

dim. mf

bird like you, And let the rain come pat-t'ring down; Nor

mind a bit to be wet through, Nor fear to spoil one's

mp

on - ly gown! But since I can - not be a bird, Sweet

cres.

Oh, pipe no more of rain;

f

Rob - in, pipe no more of rain; Do tell us of the

cres.

Oh, pipe no more of rain;

The musical score consists of five staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano C-clef, and the piano part is in bass F-clef. The music is in common time. The first four staves are in G minor, indicated by a key signature of one sharp. The fifth staff begins in G major, indicated by a key signature of one sharp. Various dynamics are used throughout, including 'dim.', 'mf', 'mp', 'cres.', and 'f'. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words appearing above or below the notes. The vocal line features eighth and sixteenth note patterns, while the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

ROBIN'S RAIN SONG (CONTINUED)

cres.

f

rit.

sun-shine, dear. I'm wild to be a - f broad a - rit gain.

RADIO

NELLIE POORMAN

Scherzando

mf

HUNGARIAN FOLK TUNE

1. Ra - di - o, ra - di - o, Lis - ten to ra - di - o.
2. S - K - E, O - Y - Z, Tune to the al - pha - bet.

You may choose for your news Bos - ton or To - ki - o.
Try the stars, good old Mars, Ve - nus you ought to get.

Wis - dom or wit, or say, "What's the base - ball score to - day?"
Broad - cast from ev - 'ry - where, Zan - zi - bar or Fin - is - terre,

Pol - i - tics or lat - est play, On - ly don't con - fuse them.
Mirth and mu - sic fill the air, You need on - ly choose them.

GOLDEN HOURS

117

LOUISE STICKNEY
Con spirito

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN
Arranged

Musical score for the first system of 'Golden Hours'. The key signature is G major (two sharps). The tempo is marked 'mf'. The vocal line consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The second staff begins with a half note followed by a whole note.

Live! And count the hours as gold,
Live! And make of life a song,

mf

Musical score for the second system of 'Golden Hours'. The key signature is G major (two sharps). The vocal line continues with two staves. The lyrics 'Live! And count the hours as' are repeated, with 'Live!' on the first staff and 'And count the hours as' on the second staff.

Live! And count the hours as
Live! And make of life a

Musical score for the third system of 'Golden Hours'. The key signature is G major (two sharps). The vocal line continues with two staves. The lyrics 'God has giv'n His seal; God has giv'n the key;' are repeated, with 'gold, song!' on the first staff and 'gold, song!' on the second staff.

God has giv'n His seal;
God has giv'n the key;

gold, song! gold, song! God God has has giv'n giv'n His the

Musical score for the fourth system of 'Golden Hours'. The key signature is G major (two sharps). The vocal line continues with two staves. The lyrics 'Wise - ly well the treas - ure use, Love may be its mas ter word,' are repeated, with 'seal; key;' on the first staff and 'Well Love the its treas mas' on the second staff.

Wise - ly well the treas - ure use,
Love may be its mas ter word,

seal; key; Well Love the its treas mas - - ure ter use, word,

Musical score for the fifth system of 'Golden Hours'. The key signature is G major (two sharps). The vocal line continues with two staves. The lyrics 'Lest the gold for dross you lose, Yours, for woe - or - weal. Tun-ing all to sweet accord, You, its min - strel free.' are repeated, with 'cres.' markings on both staves.

Lest the gold for dross you lose, Yours, for woe - or - weal.
Tun-ing all to sweet accord, You, its min - strel free.

Musical score for the sixth system of 'Golden Hours'. The key signature is G major (two sharps). The vocal line continues with two staves. The lyrics 'cres.' markings are present on both staves.

GOOD MORNING

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

Translated

Vivace

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG

Arranged

mf

1. Morn - ing is here, the world is a - wake;
2. Morn - ing is here to bless us a - new;

Birds are a - wing, their mu - sic to make;
Ros - es and fern are sweet with the dew;

Earth in new blos-soms a - dorn - ing,
Joy - ful - ly all are a - wak - ing; Ris - es the beau - ti - ful
Greet we the day at its

morn - ing. Up and sing, the birds de - cree, Up and sing as
break - ing. Up and sing, no more de - lay, Up and sing your

gay heart as we, gay heart as we, Giv - ing the world· good morn - ing,
gay heart as we, gay heart as we, Giv - ing the world· good morn - ing,

GOOD MORNING (CONTINUED)

119

Giv - ing the world good morn - ing.
Giv - ing the world good morn - ing.
Giv - ing the world good morn - ing. Then wak - en!
Giv - ing the world good morn - ing. Then wak - en!

1. & 2. Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing free, "Good morn - - - -
1. & 2. Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing free, "A - wake, a - wake, a -
Sing - ing, sing - ing, Sing - ing,

ing." Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing free, "Good
wake." Sing - ing, sing - ing free, "Good
sing - ing free, "Good morn - ing, oh, good morn - ing!"

GOOD MORNING (CONTINUED)

Musical score for the first section of "Good Morning". The music is in common time, key of G major (two sharps). The vocal line consists of three staves of music.

Lyrics:

- Staff 1: morn - - - ing."
- Staff 2: morn - ing, oh, good morn-ing to all!" Wak - - en!
- Staff 3: Oh, good morn - ing to all!" Wak - - en!

Performance instructions:

- mp (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking above the staff.
- mp (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking above the staff.

Musical score for the second section of "Good Morning". The music is in common time, key of G major (two sharps).

Lyrics:

- Wel - come the light, wel - come the light,
- Morn - ing is bright! Wel - come, light! Wel - come, light!

Performance instructions:

- mf (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking above the staff.
- mf (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking above the staff.

Musical score for the third section of "Good Morning". The music is in common time, key of G major (two sharps).

Lyrics:

- cres. (crescendo) dynamic marking above the staff.
- Wel - come the light, Giv - ing the world good morn - ing.
- cres. (crescendo) dynamic marking above the staff.
- Wel - come, light! Giv - ing the world good morn - ing.
- cres. (crescendo) dynamic marking above the staff.

Performance instructions:

- ff (fortissimo) dynamic marking above the staff.
- ff (fortissimo) dynamic marking above the staff.

ABBY FARWELL BROWN
Allegretto
mp

CHARLES E. BOYD

1. It must be nice to be a small tree, Close to fra-grant.
2. It would be good to be a fruit tree Where the chil-dren.
3. How fine to be the May-Day - Queen tree, Shak - ing bloom on.

mp

1. It must be nice to be a small tree, Close to fra-grant.
2. It would be good to be a fruit tree Where the chil-dren.
3. How fine to be the May-Day - Queen tree, Shak - ing bloom on.

mp

earth and dew. It must be nice to be a tall · tree Up-
like to climb; Or it would suit to be a cute · tree All
all be - low! How gay to be an ev - er - green tree And

earth and dew. It must be nice to be a tall · tree Up-
like to climb; Or it would suit to be a cute · tree All
all be - low! How gay to be an ev - er - green tree And

cres. *f* *mp*
reach-ing far to Heav-en's blue! Make me pleas-ant as a tree. ·
full of toys at Christ-mas time! Make me use - ful as a tree. ·
smile be-neaththe win - ter snow! Make me hap-py as a tree. ·

cres. *f* *mp*
reach-ing far to Heav-en's blue! Make me pleas-ant as a tree. ·
full of toys at Christ-mas time! Make me use - ful as a tree. ·
smile be-neaththe win - ter snow! Make me hap-py as a tree. ·

cres. *f* *mp*

THE TRAFFIC OFFICER

MARY STANHOPE
Ben marcato

WILSON-WHITE

1. Who's at the corn - er with his hand held high,
2. He stands for safe - ty first and ev - 'ry - where

Stop - ping traf - fic that's com - ing by?
Thou - sands bless him for friend - ly care;

Stop - ping the traf - fic that is com - ing by?
Thou - sands have cause to bless his friend - ly care;

All o - obey him, Quite in a
Like a bright vane High on a

That's the man we all o - obey, E - ven in a
Point - ing like a weath - er - vane Whirl - ing on a

cres.
hur - ry, Do - what he tells you, or you'll be sor - ry.
stee - ple, So - the po - lice - man guards all the peo - ple.

cres.
hur - ry, Do what he tells you, or you'll soon be sor - ry.
stee - ple, So the po - lice - man guards and guides the peo - ple.

CAROLINE FULLER
Con anima

FAY WILSON

mf

1. I'd like to be an or - a - tor The
 2. I would I were an au - thor great, A
 3. I'd like to be of serv - ice real What-

cres.

art of speech to cap - ture. Oh, were my words so
 paint - er or mu - si - cian, And none re - fuse to
 e'er my dai - ly la - bor; To be a friend to

cres.

el - o - quent All hearts they'd stir to rap - ture!
 loud - ly praise My no - ble com - po - si - tion.
 ev - 'ry man, And loved by ev - 'ry neigh - bor;

dim.

I'd like to be a Cic - er - o
 I'd like to be an An - ge - lo,
 So kind and true that all would show

mp

And hom - age win, wher - e'er I go.
 A fa - mous man, wher - e'er I go.
 A wel - come warm wher - e'er I go.

THE SUN TURNS NORTH

ROBERT HILLYER

Dolce cantabile

BEATRICE MACGOWAN SCOTT

mp

1. Oh, heark-en, oh, heark-en, the south wind is chant-ing! I
 2. To - mor-row, to - mor-row I'll go and dis - cov - er The

know 'twas Pan's o - ri - oles pipe when I heard. Ah, I had for-
 ferns that un - fold where the o - ri - oles sing! Ah, morn greets her

know 'twas the pip - ing of Pan that I heard. The win - ter was long; I'd for-
 ferns that un - fold where the o - ri - oles sing; The morn-ing will smile on her

got - ten how haunt - ing Sound accel.
 ear - li - est lov - er, Blest that pass - es A-
 got - ten how haunt - ing The mu - sic that pass - es A-
 ear - li - est lov - er, And fa - vored of mor - tals I'll

mong the new grass - es And calls the re - turn - ing bird.
 o - pen the por - tals That guard the bright shrine of spring.

M. LOUISE BAUM

Con grazia
mp

BOHEMIAN FOLK TUNE

1. Sing me a song of the sky, . . .
 2. Sing me a song of the light, . . .
 3. Noth-ing can praise it like song,
mp

1. Sing, sing, sing me a song of the
 2. Sing, sing, sing me a song of the
 3. Noth ing, noth ing, can praise it like
mp

Arch-ing so blue and so high, . . . Cloud-ed by
 Day's eye or ta-pers of night, . . . Ros-y or
 Soar-ing tri - um-phant and strong, . . . Where dawn and
mf

sky, the sky, Arch-ing so blue and so high, so
 light, the light, Day's eye or ta-pers of night, of
 song, like song, Soar-ing tri - um-phant and strong, so
mf

breez-es a - cry, . . . Star-ry with banners un - furled. . .
 gold-en or white, . . . Gray, or by dewdrops im - pearled.
 star-light be - long; *mp* Song is the light of the world.
p

high, Cloud-ed by breez-es a - cry, or stars un - furled. . .
 night, Ros-y or gold-en or white, or dew - im - pearled.. .
 strong, Where dawn and starlight be-long; Song lights the world. . .
mp

THE CALL OF THE SPRING

ALFRED NOYES

Allegro con espressione

MARY ROOT KERN

mf

1. Come choose your road and a - way, my lad, Come
 2. Though man - ya road would . gay. ly ring To

mf

choose your road and a - way; We'll out of the town by the
 tramp of march-ing . feet, All roads are as one from the

cres.

road's bright crown As it dips to the daz - zling day.
 day that's done And the miles are . swift and sweet.

cres.

It's a long, white road meet for at the wea - ry, But But it's
 All the long roads meet at the world's end -

f

rolls through the heart of the May. Come choose your road and a -
 hey for the heart of the May. Come choose your road and a -

f

way, my lad, Come choose your road and a - way.
 way, dear lad, Come choose your road and a - way.

CONFIDENCE

English version by
 JOHN REED

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH
 Arranged

mf Maestoso

1. Be - neath the hand of : God I rest in . safe - ty . still, In
 2. And so I . thank my : God And rest in . safe - ty . still, For

fear or need I wait for Him To prove His . lov - ing .
 ev - 'ry - thing on earth o - beys A - lone His . might - y .

mf

will. With joy I trust my way To guid-ance He will show, For
 will. Con - tent am I to leave My life to His con - trol, In

cres.

His de-fense and Fa-ther's care Are ev - 'ry-where I go.
 all my do - ings I am His, And His in heart and soul.

MAGIC

BOHEMIAN FOLK TUNE

ROBERT HILLYER

*Allegro**mp*

1. "Where have you found the . rose, Now that win - ter's
 2. "I wish you'd teach me . how Ros - es bloom all

mp

here?" "Deep in the for - est it blows;
 year, Though snow is white on the bough,

mf

Spring is there all year. I've a friend who .
 Fro - zen, cold, and drear." "You must learn, so .

p dolce

knows the way From De - cem - ber . back to . May!"
 I have heard, Mag - ic thought and . mag - ic . word."

mp

"Oh, let me see where it grows; Find the land of cheer!"
 "Oh, let's go look for it now; Find a word of cheer!"

ELECTRIC SIGNS

129

CAROLINE FULLER

Alla burla

BELGIAN FOLK TUNE

mf

1. The cit - y lights flash out the dark, Their rain - bow col - ors
 2. The streets a - dorned with blaz - ing gems, Pure dia - monds rare and
 3.'Tis like a viv - id pic - ture book That leaps in flame a -

gleam and glance, All tur - quoise, am - gleam and bies fine, Rich am - e - thysts ber, and against the sky. Oh, what to do and

gold, and red A bove us diz - zi - ly sap - phires blue, And brill liant em - er - alds where to go It tells the peo - ple who

whirl and dance. They spread and grow till night is day, And glow and shine. We're daz - zled by the brave ar - ray, And hur - ry by. When work is done, 'tis time to play, And

all is gay . . . A - long the way.
 all is gay . . . A - long the way.
 all is gay . . . A - long the way.

1, 2, & 3. all is gay, . . . is gay

GO, LOVELY ROSE

EDMUND WALLER
Andante moderato

W. H. NEIDLINGER
rose! Arranged

The sheet music consists of six staves of music for voice and piano. The top two staves are for the voice, and the bottom four staves are for the piano. The key signature changes from G major to F# major at the end.

Top Staff (Voice):

- Key: G major (4/4 time).
- Lyrics: "Love-ly rose! Go, love-ly rose! love-ly rose".
- Performance: *mp*.

Middle Staff (Voice):

- Key: G major (4/4 time).
- Lyrics: "Go, love-ly rose!" and "Love-ly rose!".

Piano Staves:

- Staff 1 (Treble):** Starts with a bass note. Lyrics: "Tell her that wastes her time and me," and "Tell her that wastes her time and me," followed by "That now she knows, now she knows, That now she knows," and "when I re-sem-ble her to thee, How she knows, she knows. . . . How she knows, that now she knows," and ends with "sweet and fair she seems to be. Go, love-ly rose! Go, love-ly rose!"
- Staff 2 (Bass):** Provides harmonic support throughout the piece.
- Staff 3 (Treble):** Provides harmonic support.
- Staff 4 (Bass):** Provides harmonic support.

Performance Instructions:

- Accel.**: Accelerando (indicated twice in the vocal line).
- cres.**: Crescendo (indicated twice in the piano line).
- mf**: Mezzo-forte (indicated twice in the piano line).
- p**: Pianissimo (indicated once in the piano line).
- pp**: Pianississimo (indicated once in the piano line).
- poco più lento**: Slightly slower (indicated once in the piano line).

rose! Go, love - ly, love - ly rose! Go, love - ly rose!

rit.

GOLDEN MILESTONES

MARY STANHOPE
Dolce espressivo

ARTHUR TARGETT

1. Each hap - py June We pause at a gold-en mile - stone;
2. Each hap - py June We gaze from a gold-en mile - stone,

Mem'-rystrays by-gone ways. To glean her pre-cious part. From
Search-ing so, ere we go, . The fu-ture's path a - far, . Whose

fields where sun - ny hours Wrought fair fruits or flow'rs. O
joy - ous pag - eants wait Past dawn's ros - y gate, Where

dear days, un - re - turn - ing, still . burn - ing Bright in the heart.
God will mold to beau - ty, through du - ty, All that we are.

THE MAGIC FLUTE

English version by
M. LOUISE BAUM
Con grazia

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
Arranged from "The Magic Flute"

mp

As sweet as
They trill : the
It bids : the

1. What mu - sic calls . a - cross the wood-land As sweet as
2. Be - hold . the birds . that flock . and fol - low, They trill the
3. Com - pas - sion, mirth, and joy . it wak - ens; It bids the

note . of pip - ing bird? What lures a - long . the grass - y
tune . en - tranc - ing sweet. The for - est crea - tures, wild . and
rose . in win - ter bloom. No heart re - sists . its mild . en -

note . of pip - ing bird? What lures a - long the grass - y
tune . en - tranc - ing sweet. The for - est crea - tures, wild and
rose . in win - ter bloom. No heart re - sists its mild en -

mead-ow? A flute, the clear - est ev - er heard! The pip - er,
fear-less, Are met in peace a - round his feet. A mag - ic
treat - y, All wrath for kind - ness mak - ing room. O won - drous

mead-ow? A flute, the clear - est ev - er heard! The pip - er,
fear-less, Are met in peace a - round his feet. A mag - ic
treat - y, All wrath for kind - ness mak - ing room. O won - drous

mf

see, - is draw - ing near, Flut - ing that song so
flute, that all o - bey, Flut - ing its bright, en
flute, O mag - ic strain, Lead - ing us back to

see, - is draw - ing near, Flut - ing that song so
flute, that all o - bey, Flut - ing its bright, en
flute, O mag - ic strain, Lead - ing us back to

crys - tal clear, Flut - ing that song so . crys - tal . clear.
chant - ed lay! Flut - ing its . bright en - chant - ed . lay!
heav'n . a - gain, Lead - ing us . back to heav'n a - gain.

cres.

crys - tal clear, Flut - ing that song so . crys - tal . clear.
chant - ed lay! Flut - ing its bright en - chant - ed . lay!
heav'n . a - gain, Lead - ing us back to . heav'n a - gain.

cres.

THE BELLS OF MOSCOW

JOHN REED

Con espressione
mp

LAURA STREETER

1. Clear the bells of Mos - cow are, Tone on tone, at
2. Fast - er as they throng and soar, How the tune - ful

mp

first; a star Shines a - mid the night a - far.
surges pour, Tides that seek the sky's blue shore.

FESTIVAL SONG

LOUISE STICKNEY

*Maestoso*WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
Arranged

f

1. Myr - tle and ros - es are twin-ing to show forth the sto - ry, With
 2. High - er the man - hood we build by the plan of their vi - sion; Keep

f *mf*

lau - rel to crown them who sought no re-ward of glo - ry; The
 faith, then, with them in our own hour of high de - ci - sion; Their

flow'rs and the bays Join with mu - sic's clear praise In song's tri -
 wis - dom and truth Shall en - light - en our youth, A bea - con

f

um-phant flight. So sing their fame and tend the flame This day sees brightly
 blaz - ing bright. So send our song the world a - long Where lands a-far are

In To ra love - - diant the light.
 burn - ing In hearts a - glow with grat - i - tude's pure light.
 learn - ing To love the deeds our fa - thers wrought in light.

THE COMRADES

135

ROBERT BRIGHAM

FRANZ ABT

*Allegro**mf*

1. We go march - ing, shoul - der to shoul - der, With my
 2. By the camp fire we are to - geth - er Or when

trum - pet blar - ing gay; Four arms, when a foe we're
 march-ing we must go; My trum - pet - ing makes him

My trum - pet blar - ing so gay;
 In step when march - ing we go;

meet - ing, While as two go our feet re - peat - ing, Two
 strong - er, So he says when the way grows long - er, And

hearts with one pulse beat - ing All a - long the way.
 e - ven stays his hun - ger. Blow, my trum - pet, blow!

hearts one pulse are beat - ing
 e - ven stays his hun - ger.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

CHARLES E. BOYD

Andante
mf

1. From gold to gray One wild, sweet day Of In-dian sum-mer
 2. In its pale fire The vil-lage spire Shows like the zo-diac's

1. Gold to gray, One sweet day, In - dian sum-mer
 2. In pale fire, Vil-lage spire, Like the zo-diac's

*mp**Leggiero*

fades too soon; But ten-der-ly a bove the sea Hangs,
 spec-tral lance; The paint-ed walls where-on it falls Trans-

fades too soon; But ten-der-ly a bove the sea,
 spec-tral lance; The paint-ed walls where-on it falls,

cres.

white and calm, the hunt-er's moon, Hangs,
 fig-ured stand in mar-ble trance, Trans-

cres.

White and calm, Hangs the hunt-er's moon, Hangs,
 Where it falls, Stand in mar-ble trance, Trans-

cres.

white and calm, the moon.
fig - ured in mar - ble trance.

white and calm, the moon, the hunt - er's moon.
fig - ured in mar - ble trance, in mar - ble trance.

KING RICHARD

NANCY BYRD TURNER
*Adagio*ROBERT SCHUMANN
Arranged

1. Where Rich - ard lay in pris - on, Be -
2. Good Blon - del, hop - ing, seek - ing, Re -

In Good pris - on lay, Be -
Blon - del then Re -

neath the watch-ing stars . He . tuned his wist - ful .
plied with trem-b'ling string, . Full . well he knew the .

harp and played Three old . fa - mil - iar . bars.
bro - ken tune, And he . had found . his : king.

A TRIBUTE

MARY STANHOPE

Larghetto
mp

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

1. At eve - ning the heart turns to fond thoughts of . moth - er; Her
2. Such true love and serv - ice we owe to . no . oth - er, Her

kind - ness re - quit - ing, What can chil - dren. ev - er give?
love and re - prov - ing Ev - er teach us . how to live.

A SERENADE OF SPAIN

M. LOUISE BAUM

Con grazia

ELBRIDGE W. NEWTON

1. Va - ni - ta, Va - ni - ta, Va - ni - ta, My ser - e-nade is
2. Va - ni - ta, Va - ni - ta, Va - ni - ta, Oh, hear me tune my

fill - ing and thrill - ing the blue, . And sweet-ly, oh,
wist - ful, my trist - ful gui - tar! . And white-ly, oh,

fleet - ly, dis - creet - ly, Your smile the while is chid - ing the
 light - ly, oh, slight - ly, Your fin - gers lin - ger, there where the
cres.
 voice that would woo, would woo. In Ca - diz where man - y a
 lat - tice would bar, would bar. Oh, va - grant your fan - cy, and
dim. e rit.
 maid is so fair, You are queen of my hope and my
 fra - grant the rose That you care-less - ly toss to my re -
dim. e rit.
 dream - ing! . Va - ni - ta, Va - ni - ta, the stars yon - der
 quite me. : Va - ni - ta, Va - ni - ta, your name still to
mp
 beam - ing Bor - row their bright - ness from you. . .
 light me Shines in my heart like a star. . .

ROBERT HILLYER
Dolce cantabile

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

Dolce cantabile

1. Man - y a time I watch the sea,
2. That is why morn - ings find me here

1. Man - y a time I watch the sea,
2. That is why morn - ings find me here

Man - y the ships go sail - ing past.
Watch-ing the tide ad-vance with day,

The For
sea, here

Man - y the ships go sail - ing past.
Watch-ing the tide ad-vance with day,

tides bring new de - lights to me, The tides bring new de -
beau - ty ev - er grows more dear, For beau - ty ev - er

past, Bring - ing de - lights to me, . . .
day. Ah, beau - ty grows more dear, . . .

lights to me, And take . . . them back at last, . . . And . . .
grows more dear, Be - cause . . . it will not stay, . . . Be -

cres.

Nev : : : er a
Great : : : is the

dim.

take them back at last. . . Nev - er a light on blow - ing
cause it will not stay. . . Great is the joy of things that

light, a light on blow - ing foam A-
joy, the joy of things that are, How

foam, on blow - ing foam, . . . Nev - er a ray on gleam - ing
are, of things that are, . . . Per-fect though brief their flash - ing

bides till I can bring it home, . . .

bright a path the fall - ing star, . . . dim.
shell, bides till I bring it home, . . . A - bides till I can
prime; how bright a path the star, . . . How bright a path the

bring it home, So brief, . . so frail, so frail . . . the spell.
fall-ing star Can trace . . up-on the skies . . of time.

p pp

p pp

ROBIN, GOOD-BY

ADOLF WEIDIG

S. M. CHATFIELD

*Con grazia*Good - : by!
p Good - : by!

1. Rob-in, good - by!
2. Rob-in, good - by!

The last crim - son
The mu - sic that

leaf falls from the ma - ple is gone,
The mead - ows are

brown. and the swal - low has flown, And heaped in the
low : with a qua - ver - ing note. Oh,

1.

hol-lows the fall - en leaves lie.
Rob - in, good - by!

Rob - in, good - by. lin - ger no long - er! To sum-mer land

rall. e dim.

fly! . . . Rob - in, good - by!

Rob - in, good - by!

p

THE VIKINGS' LAND

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN
TranslatedEDWARD HAGERUP GRIEG
Arranged

Con spirito
mf

1. Hail to the lords who rule in our north-ern land,
2. Thanks for the har - vest gath - ered by flood and field,

Oh, may their sa - cred fires nev - er fail! Oh, The

Safe - ty of fish - ing fleets in the gale; The

burn - ing our weap-ons clean, Strong in our cause se - rene,
joy of the fruit - ful earth, Grow - ing by nar - row firth.

Hail to our roy - al land, Hail, Nor - way, hail!
Love we thy name to shield, Hail, Nor - way, hail!

GLORIOUS POLAND

M. LOUISE BAUM

Solennelle

FREDERIC CHOPIN

mp

1. Sol - emn - ly tolls a - far the vil - lage bell, In
 2. Sol - emn - ly rise the qui - et tones of pray'r, En-

mp

mem -'ry of those who for home and coun - try brave - ly fell,
 treat - y for bless - ing on those who still the bur - den bear.

Po - land's he - ro - ic sto - ry,
 Free - dom and old - time glo - ry,

*cres.**dim.*

Sound - ing a - cross the years Po - land's no - ble sto - ry,
 Strong may they stand to - guard Free - dom, right, and glo - ry,

Po - land's he - ro - ic sto - ry.
 Free - dom and old - time glo - ry.

Sound - ing mid hope and fears Po - land's no - ble sto - ry.
 Wise . to in - spire and ward Free - dom, right, and glo - ry.

FORGET-ME-NOT

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ANONYMOUS

Con tenerezza

HENRY HADLEY

Musical score for the first section of 'Forget-me-not'. The music is in common time, treble clef, and consists of two staves. The top staff has a dynamic of *p*. The lyrics are: "When to the flow-ers beau - ti - ful The Fa-ther gave a name,"

Continuation of the musical score. The dynamic is *p*. The lyrics are: "Back came a lit - tle . blue-eyed one, All tim - id - ly it came. "Dear

Continuation of the musical score. The dynamic is *f*. The lyrics are: "God, the name Thou gav - est me, A - las! I have for - got!" Then

Continuation of the musical score. The dynamic is *f*. The lyrics are: "kind - ly looked the Fa - ther down, And said, "For-get - me - not."

Continuation of the musical score. The dynamic is *f*. The lyrics are: "kind - ly looked the Fa - ther down, And said, "For-get - me - not."

THE NOBLE TAR

W. S. GILBERT
Adapted

Vivace
mf

ARTHUR SULLIVAN
Arranged from "Pinafore"

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are in soprano and bass clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef.

1. The noble Tar is a soaring soul As

2. The noble Tar with a soul of pride En-

free . as an - y moun - tain bird; Wher - ev - er salt - y

dure s . no die - ta - to - rial airs, And sure - ly few - would

seas may roll He makes his rous - ing chant - ey heard. And

twice de - ride The quaint - and cu - rious cap he wears. He

oh, his en - er - get - ic arm De - fends his friends from

sails to far . Pa - cif - ic isles, Where lan - guage fails . he

cres.

ev - 'ry harm; In ev - 'ry lat - i - tude such an at - ti - tude

sim - ply smiles; From Pon - di - cher - ry to Brook - lyn Fer - ry he

dim.

grat - i - tude wins for him. Oh, . in ev - 'ry lat - i - tude
mer - ri - ly goes his way. Oh, . from Pon - di - cher - ry to

dim.

1. and 2. La la

such an at - ti - tude wins our grat - i - tude - Hip - hoo-ray! . In
Brook-lyn Fer - ry he's al - ways mer - ry, Oh, hip - hoo-ray! . From

la la la la

ev - 'ry lat - i - tude such an at - ti - tude wins our grat - i - tude
Pon - di - cher - ry to Brook-lyn Fer - ry he's al - ways mer - ry, Hoo-

La la la la

Tempo primo

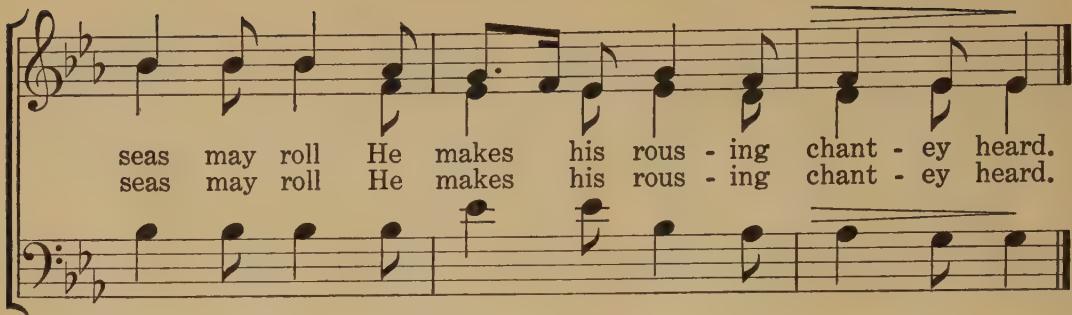
mf

warm. The no - ble Tar is a soar - ing soul As
ray! The no - ble Tar is a soar - ing soul As

mf

free as an - y moun - tain bird; Wher - ev - er salt - y
free as an - y moun - tain bird; Wher - ev - er salt - y

THE NOBLE TAR (CONTINUED)



NORTHEASTER

ROBERT HILLYER
Sostenuto

WILL EARHART

mp

1. High up the yel - low sand Roll the glass - y
 2. Sails will be reefed for days, Storm - y sig - nals
 3. Stride down the roar - ing beach, Let the wild wind

mf

moun - tains, Loud on the bro - ken land
 fly - ing; Shel - tered in plac - id bays
 clasp you. See how the break - ers reach

Fling - ing spray in foun - tains. Old o - cean
 An - chored boats are to ly - ing. When winds are
 Foam - ing hands are grasp you. Three days you'll

wag - es war All a - long the sound - ing shore.
 east by north, E - ven sail - ors fare not forth.
 keep the shore, Then un - furl your sail once more.

*meno mosso**p*



Gade

Abt



Gaul

Foster

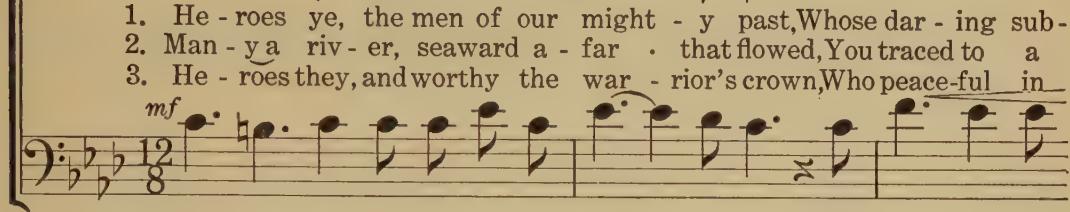
THE EXPLORERS

149

Translated and adapted by
MARY STANHOPE

JEAN ROBERT PLANQUETTE
Arranged from "Bells of Corneville"

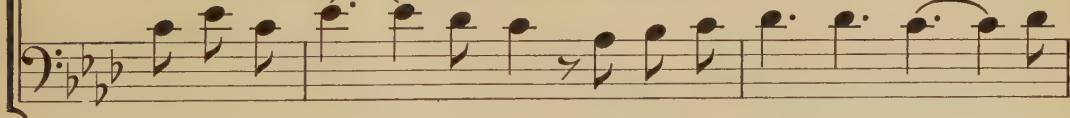
Con moto mf



dued the land your sons . a - dore.(our coun-try!) Path-ways you trod
source'neath diz - zy moun - tain crag.(you fol - lowed) Rang - es you passed,
pur - pose great - ly dare . and do. (O he - roes) They, firm of heart,



o - ver the des - ert vast To the un - chart - ed o - cean's
plow-ing e - ter - nal snows; Plant-ed on high our star - ry
nev - er by fear . cast down, Gave this be - lov - ed land : to



shore, . . . To the un - chart - ed o - cean's sound - ing shore.
flag, : : Plant-ed on high o'er all . our star - ry . flag.
you, : : Gave this be - lov - ed land . to me, to . you.



A SUMMER INVOCATION

WILLIAM COX BENNETT

Dolce cantabile

W. H. NEIDLINGER

Arranged

p

1. O gen-tle, gen - tle sum-mer rain, Let not the sil - ver lil - y

p

pine, The droop-ing lil. - y pine in vain. To feel that

mf

dew - y touch of thine. *poco piu mosso*

In heat the landscape quiv'ring

cres.

lies; The cat-tle pant be - neath the tree; Through parch-ing

cres.

lies; . Cat - tle pant 'neath the tree; Through parch - ing

f

air and purple skies, . Earth looks up in vain for thee. *rit. e dim.*

f

Earth looks up for thee. *rit. e dim.* *p*

Tempo primo

mp

2. Come, thou, and brim the mead-owstreams, And sof-ten all the hills with

mp

mist, dreams, By thee shall

mist. O fall - ing dew! from burn - ing dreams, .

poco piu mosso

mp

herb and flow'r be kissed!

Come, gen-tle, gen - tle sum-mer

Gen - tle

cres.

rain, And earth shall bless thee yet a - gain; Come thou and

cres.

f

mp

sum-mer rain! Bless . thee yet a - gain; Come thou and

brim the meadow streams, . And sof-ten all the hills . with mist.

f

THE GARDEN OF HOME

M. LOUISE BAUM
Pensieroso
mp

RUSSIAN FOLK TUNE

1. Your home is a gar-den fair, Shel-tered, se - cure and bright,
 2. The gar-den of hap - py home Ne'er can for - got - ten be,

mf
 Homewhere love's glow-ing sun Shines for you day and night. Mid
 Though time may lead you far, Sun-dered by land or sea. The

cres.
 fa-ther kind-ness, strong and wise, Broth-ers and sis-ters move, Where a
 cir-circle holds in loy - al hearts, Each to its mem'ry true, In its

rose blos-soms dai - ly new,-That is your moth-er's love, Where a
 midst that un - dy - ing rose, Your moth-er's love for you, In its

rose blos-soms dai - ly new, That is your moth-er's love.
 midst that un - dy - ing rose, Your moth-er's love for you.

ROBERT HILLYER
Semplice

CRANE-LEAVITT

1 Bright in the paths of old ro-mance Come state - ly lords and
2. Love - ly the faint, ro - man - tic tunes Re - turned from lost, for -

dames to . dance. Swords are of sil - ver, torch - es . flare, And
got - ten - Junes; Grace - ful the meas - ures they can - tread, As

Sil - ver swords and torch - es flare, And
Grace - ful meas - ures they can tread, As

moon - light . glim - mers o - ver pow - dered. hair. . .
once they . danced them in the years long . dead. . .

Fac - es are youth - ful, laugh - ter light, And eyes are kind when
Then with a glint of old bro - cade They passed from sight through

And eyes are kind in the
They passed from sight through the

DAYS OF BROCADE (CONTINUED)

accel. e cres.

comes dark - the night. glade. Here in the paths of their
 trem - u - lous glade. :

old, hap - py pas - time, Lov - ers and la - dies have
 mu - sic that bound me, On - ly the trees mur-mured

come for the last time, Tread - ing . grace - ful - ly the
 soft - ly a - round me; Long . I . fol - lowed them and

Tread Long ing have the
 dim. mp

slow min - u - et, . Ad - - vanc - ing, re - treat - ing,
 sought them in vain, . For . . though there was laugh - ter

Part - ing and meet - ing Till the drow - sy moon has set.
 Ech - o - ing aft - er, Nev - er did it come a - gain.

ON WINGS OF MUSIC

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HEINRICH HEINE

Translated by M. LOUISE BAUM

p Andante tranquillo

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Arranged by H. S. LEAVITT

1. When borne on wings of mu - sic My heart in fan - cy flies, -

2. While vio-lets breathe de-vo - tion To stars that deck the night,

Where by the mead-ow - y Gan - ges The land of all mys - t'ry
Leg-end and mar-vel-ous sto - ry The ros - es are whis-p'ringlies; : Oh, there in a shad - ow - y gar - den'Neath
light. : As close the ga-zelles dare to loi - ter Where'Neath
Wheremoon-light's mag - ic spell The lo - tus flow'r's are wait - ing Their
all is wrapt in dream, Ma - jes - tic sounds the flow - ing Ofmoon - light's spell . The lo - tus flow'r's are wait - ing . Their
all is dream, Ma - jes - tic sounds the flow - ing . Of*cres.*

dim.

sis - ter loved so well, . . . They wait, the shin - ing
 Gan - ges' sa - cred stream, . . . Ma - jes - tic sounds the

dim.

sis - ter loved so well, . . . They wait, shin - ing
 Gan - ges' sa - cred stream, . . . Ma - jes - tic the

dim.

lo - - - tus, Their sis - ter loved so well.
 flow - - - ing Of Gan-ges' sa-cred stream

mf

lo - - - tus, Their sis - ter loved so well.
 flow - - - ing Of Gan-ges' sa-cred stream.

mf

mp

3. Oh, dis - tanthome of child-hood, Land of beauty and balm, Where

mp

3. Oh, dis - tanthome of child-hood, Land of beauty and balm, Where

mp

broods o'er gar - den bow'r s . Old In - dia's ho - ly
 broods o'er gar - den bow'r s . Old In - dia's ho - ly
 calm, . . . Old In - dia's ho - ly

calm, old In - dia's calm, Old In - dia's ho - ly, ho - ly

calm. Ho - . . . ly calm. . . .
 calm, Old In-dia's ho - ly calm, In-dia's ho - ly calm. . . .

THE HARDY NORSEMAN

JOHN REED
Con brio

NORWEGIAN FOLK TUNE
Arranged

mf

1. Har - dy Norse - man, hail! Har - dy Norse - man, hail! O - ver
2. Har - dy Norse - man, hail! Har - dy Norse - man, hail! On. to

Hail, Norse - man, hail!
Hail, Norse - man, hail!

cres.

an - gry seas you sail, . . . Till the Vik - ing fleetThrough
shores un - known you fare. . . West and south you go Past

storm and sleet Reach - es Green - land mid a driv - ing gale.
i - cy floe, Past the ut - most track of ships you dare;

Then turn west, O - cean's crest Its
Mile on mile, Plac - es smile, A

Then a - gain turn west O'er the o - cean's crest Whose
Till for mile on mile Pleas - ant plac - es smile, A

mp

Lord of
Lord of
se - cret can - not hide from you. O Norse - man, lord of
land of grapes, your Vin - land new. O Norse - man, lord of

Flood and fiord, Far your drag - on prow goes wing - ing.
days of old, Can you guess whose praise we're sing - ing?

THE DESERTED HOUSE

ABIE FARWELL BROWN

Dolce espressivo

HARRY HARTS

1. Fol - low the lit - tle gar - den path Up from the gate, . .
2. High hangs the an - cient knock - er now Rust - y and still, . .

All in be - tween Weeds rank and green, Yar - row and tan - sy;
Where once it tapped, So gay - ly rapped, Sig - nal - ing glad - ness. .

Moss grows up - on the step - ping - stones Made of gray
Now all the dust - y win - dows stare Si - lent and

cres.

slate, chill, . . . Gone ev - 'ry rose, lil - y, and pan - sy.
Dark stands the house, brood - ing in sad - ness.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

HERBERT RANDALL

Second stanza by NELLIE POORMAN

HARVEY B. GAUL

mp Cantabile

1. I nev - er look : at the stars at night, high, A-
 2. I nev - er look : at a moun - tain With

mp

glow in . gold of in their twin kling light, That
 snow - crowned head in *cres.* wide blue sky, That

cres.

think how good is He pray'r Who has the
 breathe a thank - ful good is He pray'r Who has the
mf

I do not think how good is He pray'r Who has the
 I do not breathe a thank - ful good is He pray'r Who has the

mf

giv'n One this who world made to this me, Who has the
 giv en this beau ti ful world to so fair, To has the

mp

giv en this beau ti ful world, this world to so me. fair.
 One who has made us a world, a world to so me. fair.

world world to so me. fair.

molto espressivo

How good is He, . how . good to me! . .
A world so fair, . a . world so fair! . .

PERPLEXITY

CAROLINE FULLER

EDMOND AUDRAN

Giocoso *mf*

1. Oh, it's jol - ly fun to go a - camp - ing 'Neath tall
2. Where the riv - er's grass - y bank is green - est, Swim - ming

pines a - quiv - er, Far off where the riv - er Slips a - long.
hole the deep - est, Div - ing bank the steep - est, There we haste.

Oh, it's fun un - til the fierce mos - qui - toes Bold - ly
Those mos - qui - toes seem to sense the beau - ty. Why, oh,

Oh, it's fun un - til they Bold - ly
Those mos - qui - toes fol - low! Why, oh,

come to bore us, Sound their hunt - ing cho - rus Loud - and strong.
why so know - ing, Why must they be show - ing Such - good taste?

SMILES

MARY ROOT KERN

ANONYMOUS

Vivace

f

Smile, smile, once in a while,'Twill make your heart feel light - er.

Smile, smile, once in a while,'Twill make your path-way bright - er.

Life's a mir - ror. If we frown, Frowns will come to meet us;

If we face the world with a smile, . Smiles will come to greet . us. So smile, smile, once in a while, 'Twill

make your heart feel light - er. Kind-ness and cheer will
cres.

drive a-way fear, And joy will come to meet us.
ff

A LIFE LESSON

WILLIAM THACKERAY

*Legato**p*ROBERT SCHUMANN
Arranged

1. Come wealth or want, come : good or ill, Let
2. Who miss es, or who : gains the prize? Go,

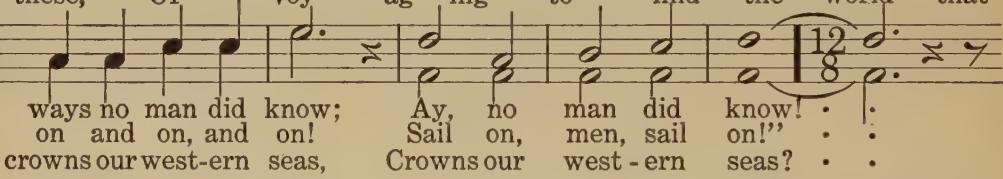
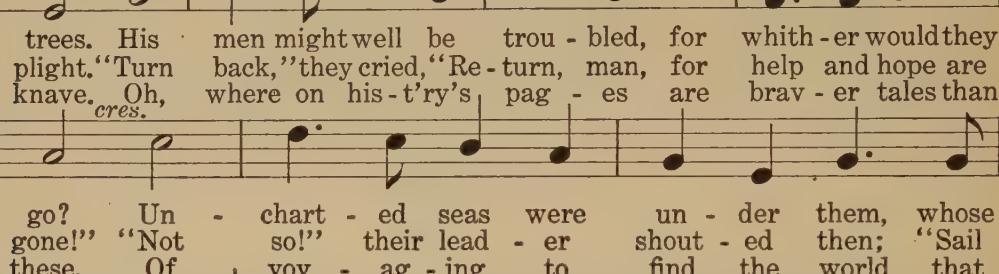
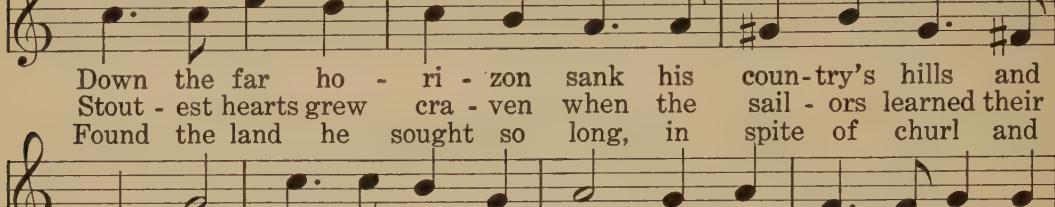
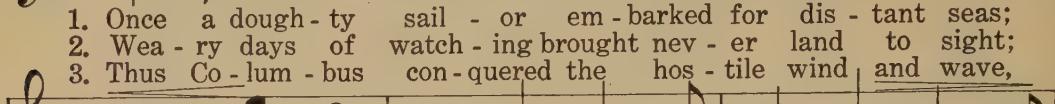
young and old ac - cept their part, And bow be - fore God's
lose or con - quer as you can; But if cres. you fail, or .

dim. might - y . will, And bear it with an . hon - est heart.
if you . rise, Be each, pray God, a . no - ble man.

THE VOYAGE

MARY ROOT KERN

ELLA M. BOULT

Energico
mf

mf Con anima

With a ho, heave ho! While salt winds blow,
 With their wea - ry eyes they scanned the skies,
 With a ho, heave ho! While salt winds blow,

Val - iant - ly they sail a - long! . . . Ho, heave ho! Let
 Si - lence took the place of song. . . . "Ho, heave ho! There
 Val - iant - ly they sailed a - long. . . . Ho, heave ho! Let

THE VOYAGE (CONTINUED)

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no man know : That lone - ly fear that stilled . their song. .
 land dothrise!" : And val - iant - ly they bound : a - long. .
 all men know : The tri - umph that has filled . their song. .

WINGS

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Adagio

ELMER S. HOSMER

1. Oh, give me wings! : To lift me on my jour - ney; :
 2. Oh, give me wings! : To keep my hope from fall - ing; :

Wings on my shoes, and wings with - in my breast;
 Wings on my thought to lift my care - less words;

Wings for my lance to speed it in the tour - ney,
 Wings for my soul, when low - er things are call - ing,

Wings to my cour-age, that may bear me on the quest.
 Wings for my spir - it, with the light-ness of the birds!

THEIR MOTHERLAND

LOUISE STICKNEY

Andante
mp

GERMAN FOLK TUNE

1. Thou - sands of val - iant men Lov - ing their coun - try,
 2. Mil - lions who dai - ly toil, Lov - ing their coun - try,

Forth went to fight for her With heart and with hand.
 Live as these died for her Whose sol - diers with they were.

Oh, not in vain, Oh, not in vain, Oh, not in vain, Oh, not in vain,

cres.

Oh, not in vain, Oh, not in vain, Oh, not in vain, Oh, not in vain,

cres.

Oh, not in vain, Oh, not in vain, the death life that of they these

vain! vain! Kin - dred hearts still hold them high Who
 She may trust her lov - ing sons With

dared to die! ones!

f.

died for their Moth - er - land, their Moth - er - land.
 true hearts to live for her, to live for her.

PIRATE TREASURE

167

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Scherzando

mf

RALPH L. BALDWIN

1. There is a Pi - rate treas-ure,
 2. I thought I saw it gleam-ing,

Where, where,
 There, there,

mf

Oh, : will you tell me
 Oh, : do you see it

where?
 there!

Seek a cave
 Pearl - y white,

By the wave
 Gold - en bright,

where?
 there?

In a cave
 Pearl - y white,

By the wave
 Gold - en bright

That's
 The .

Lap - ping
 Treas - ure

there. . .
 rare. . .

A . . . chest all bound with
 The . . . moon-shine fell up-

ev - er lap - ping there.
 treas - ure ver - y rare.

With .
 Up - .

bra - zen bands, The . . . Pi - rates hid with
 on the beach; I . . . thought the hoard with -

ea - ger hands, All . . .
 in my reach, But .

PIRATE TREASURE (CONTINUED)

full of · pearls like moons, And of · round, shin-ing, gold dou - bloons.
pearl-y · shells and sand Made the · glit - ter be-neath my hand.

AMERICA

SAMUEL F. SMITH
Maestoso

HENRY CAREY

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee,- Land of the no - ble free,-
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor-tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

Pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry . moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.
tem - plied hills; My heart with . rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their . si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light! Pro - tect . us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

FAMILIAR SONGS AND HYMNS

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY
Con spirito

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

1. Oh, . say, can you see, . By the dawn'sear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. Oh, . thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved homes and the

twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the per-il-ous fight, O'er the
silence re - pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
war's des - o - la-tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

ramparts we watched were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion! Then . con-quer we must, when our

CHORUS

burst-ing in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. Oh, . say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flected now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-spangled
cause it is just, And . this be our mot-to, "In . God is our trust!" And the Star-spangled

Star-spangled Ban-ner yet . wave O'er the land . of the free and the home of the brave!
Ban-ner, oh, long may it . wave O'er the land . of the free and the home of the brave!
Ban-ner in tri-umph shall. wave O'er the land . of the free and the home of the brave!

AMERICA FOREVER

WATERMAN-MCCARTHY

JOHN WARD

Maestoso

1. A - mer - i - ca, my na - tive land, Land of the plain and moun-tain! Thy
2. A - mer - i - ca, let free-dom's light Shine from thy stars for - ev - er! Not

flag un-furled by pa - triot band, A sym - bol bright of hope shall stand For
yours the pow'r of self - ish might, Your strength is in the peo-ple's right, Far

all the world to see. And o - ver ev - 'ry mount and plain, Un-spoiled, unsoiled by
spread from sea to sea. O land with peace and plen - ty blest, Thy shield is ev - 'ry

greed of gain, Let truth and jus - tice rule and reign, Fair land of the free!
loy - al breast, From north to south, from east to west, Fair land of the free!

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andantino

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck - y home, 'Tis
2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On

sum - mer, and all . are gay; The corn - top's ripe and the
mead-ow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the

mead - ow's in the bloom, While the birds make. mu - sic all the day.
glim - mer of the moon, On the bench by the old . cab - in door.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME (CONTINUED)

171

The young folk roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor,
The day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, All
With

mer - ry, all hap - py and bright; By'm - by hard times come a -
sor - row where all was de - light; The time has come when we

knock-ing at the door; Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good - night!
all will have to part; Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good - night!

CHORUS

Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to - day! We will sing one song

for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a - way.

THE SPINNING MAIDEN

HUGO JÜNGST

Moderato

mp

1. Gray stands the tow - er tall, Gird - ed round by moat and wall,
2. Through sum - mer's gold - en hours, Through the springtime's sil - ver show'rs,
3. "Spin, spin, the live - long day, Here with-in my tow'r I stay; •

mp

There a maid - en, all the day, Sings to while the hours a-way.
Through the au-tumn's scar - let glow, Through the win - ter's reign of snow.
While the whir-ring spin - dle flies, To my song the wheel re-plies."

HYMN OF WORSHIP

H. BONAR
Moderato

BONAR

J. B. CALKIN

mf

1. Up-ward where the stars are • burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent, in their turn - ing
2. Round the throne of God are • ring - ing Voic - es sweet in wor - ship - sing - ing

Round the nev - er - chang-ing pole; Up - ward where the sky is bright-est,
"Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord." Love and praise in full - est meas - ure,

Up - ward where the blue is light-est, Lift I now my long - ing soul.
Heav'n - ly rich - es, earth-ly treas - ure, Let us bring with one ac - cord.

ANNIE LAURIE

173

LADY JOHN SCOTT

Allegretto
mp

LADY JOHN SCOTT

1. Maxwell-ton's braes are bonnie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew; And it's
 2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her neck is like the swan; Her

there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true;
 face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on;

Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for
 That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for

bon - nie An - nie . Lau - rie, I'd . lay . me doon an' dee.
 bon - nie An - nie . Lau - rie, I'd . lay . me doon an' dee.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

Moderato
mf

1. There's mu - sic in the air, . When the in - fant morn is nigh, And
 2. There's mu - sic in the air, . When the noon-tide's sul - try beam Re -
 3. There's mu - sic in the air, . When the twi-light'sgen - tle sigh Is

faint its blush is seen . On the bright and laugh - ing sky.
 flects a gold - en light . On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.
 lost on eve - ning's breast, . As its pen - sive beau - ties die;

Many a harp's ec - stat - ic sound Thrills us with its joy pro - found,
 When be -neath some grate - ful shade Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid, .
 Then, oh then, the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce - les - tial song; An -

While we list, en - chant - ed there, To the mu - sic in the air.
 Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
 gel - ic voic - es greet us there In the mu - sic in the air.

BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

Moderato

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o-cean trip Was the Wal-lop-ing Win-dow Blind;
 2. The bo'-swain's mate was • quite se-date Yet was fond of a-musement, too;



No wind that blew dis-mayed her crew Or an-noyed the cap-tain's mind. The
 He played hop-scotch with star-board watch While the cap-tain tickled the crew. The



man at the wheel was made to feel Con-tempt for the wild-est blow-ow-ow, Though it
 gun-ner we had seemed rath-er mad For he sat on the aft-er rai-ai-ail, And he



of-ten ap-peared when the gale had cleared That he'd been in his bunk be-low.
 fired sa-lutes with the cap-tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom-ing gale!

REFRAIN



Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho! A-rov-ing I will go! I'll



stay no more on Eng-land's shore, So let the mu-sic play-ay-ay! I'm

*f a tempo*

off on the morn-ing train! I'll cross the rag-ing main! I'm



ff

off to my love with a box - ing glove, Ten thou - sand miles a - way!

THE LITTLE DUSTMAN

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Translated
Andante dolce

- p*
-
1. The flow'r-ets all sleep sound - ly Be -neath the moon's bright ray; They .
 2. The birds that sang so sweet - ly When noon - day sun . rose high, With- .
 3. Now see the lit - tle sand - man Atthe win - dow shows his head, And .

mp

nod their heads to - geth - er And dream the night a - way. The .
in their nests are sleep - ing: Now night is draw - ing nigh. The .
looks for all good chil - dren Who ought to be . in bed; And .

bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And . mur - mur soft and low.
crick - et, as it moves a - long, A - lone gives forth its song.
as each wea - ry pet he spies, Throws sand in - to its eyes.

cres.

pp

Sleep . on! Sleep . on, sleep . on, my . lit - tle one!
Sleep . on! Sleep . on, sleep . on, my . lit - tle one!
Sleep . on! Sleep . on, sleep . on, my . lit - tle one!

WE MARCH TO VICTORY

JOSEPH BARNBY

GERARD MOULTRIE
Marziale

mf *S.*

We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the sign of the Lord be-

mp

fore us, With His lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His

f

Fine

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. 1. We
2. Then

mf

come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to
on - ward we march, our arms to prove, With the ban - ner of God be-

meet Him; And we put to flight the ar-mies of night, That the
fore us, With His eye of love look-ing down from a - bove, And His

WE MARCH TO VICTORY (CONTINUED)

177

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The vocal parts are labeled 'cres.' and 'D.S.'. The lyrics are: 'sons of the day may greet Him, The . sons of the day may greet Him. We ho - ly . arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. We'.

TENTING TONIGHT

WALTER KITTREDGE
Tempo di marcia

WALTER KITTREDGE

The image shows the beginning of a musical score. The title "Tempo di marcia" is at the top left, above a dynamic marking "mf". The key signature has one sharp, and the time signature is 4/4. The music consists of two staves. The top staff starts with a quarter note followed by a eighth note, then a dotted half note. The bottom staff starts with a quarter note followed by a eighth note, then a dotted half note. Both staves continue with a series of eighth notes and sixteenth notes.

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp-ground, Give us a song to cheer
 2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp-ground, Think-ing of days gone by,
 3. We're tired of war on the old camp-ground, Man-y are dead and gone,

A musical score page featuring a vocal line in soprano clef and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line consists of eighth-note chords and eighth-note pairs. The piano accompaniment features sustained notes and eighth-note chords.

Our weary hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-by."
Of the brave and true who've left their homes. Oth-ers been wound-ed long.

CHORUS

A musical score for the chorus of "The Star-Spangled Banner". The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The vocal line consists of eighth notes and sixteenth notes, primarily on the notes B, A, G, and F. The lyrics are: "O say can you see, by the dawn's early light, / Our flag was still there, on the field of battle won't." The word 'battle' is written as 'battal' in the original score. The vocal line ends with a long note on the letter 'g'.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, Wishing for the war to cease;

A musical score page showing a single system of music for orchestra. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is common time. The melody is primarily in the first violin part, featuring eighth-note patterns and some sixteenth-note figures. A dynamic marking 'p' (piano) is placed above the staff at the end of the measure. The page number '10' is visible in the top right corner.

Many are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tenting tonight,

A musical score page showing two measures of music for a violin concerto. The score includes a bassoon part, with the bassoon line continuing from the previous page. The instrumentation consists of two bassoons, strings, and woodwind parts. The key signature is D major (one sharp), and the time signature is common time. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

1. & 2.

3. pp

Tenting tonight. Tenting on the old camp ground. Tenting on the old camp ground.

THE MINSTREL BOY

IRISH FOLK TUNE

THOMAS MOORE

*Andantino**mf*

1. The Min-strel Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death . you'll find . him;
2. The Min-strel fell! buthe foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud soul un - der;

His father's sword he hath gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung . be - hind . . . him.
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a-gain, For he tore its chords . a - sun - der;

"Land of Song!" said the war - rior bard, "Though all the world be - trays . thee,
And said "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - 'ry!

One sword, at least, thy . rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp . shall praise . thee!"
Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound . in slav - 'ry!"

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM
Andante

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

J. L. MOLLOY

p

1. Once in the dear, dead days beyond re - call, When on the world the
2. E - ven to - day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it

mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap - py throng,
dwells for-ev - er - more; Foot - steps may fal - ter, wea - ry grow the way,

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG (CONTINUED)

179

mf

Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk where the end when
Still we can hear it at the close of day; So, till the end when

p

rit.

fell the fire-light gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

REFRAIN
p a tempo

Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick -'ring
Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long, (Omit)

v. 2.

shad - ows soft - ly come and go; Still to us at

dim.
p

twi - light Comes Love's old song, Comes Love's old sweet . song.

ULLABY

JOHANNES BRAHMS

KARL SIMROCK

Translated

p Legato

1. Lull-a - by and good-night! To cheekssros - y bright, To . fin - gers safe .
 2. Lull-a - by and good-night! Till · glad morn-ing light, While fair - est of ·

hid 'Neath cov - er - let white; And a - gain, if God will, Shalt thou
 forms In . dreams fill the sight; And a - gain, if God will, Shalt thou

wake with the morn, And a - gain, if God will, Shalt thou wake with the morn.

SAILING

GODFREY MARKS

*Con spirito**mf*

1. Y'heave ho! . my lads, . the wind blows free; . A pleas - ant gale . is
 2. The sail - or's life . is bold and free; . His home . is on . the
 3. The tide . is flow - ing with the gale; Y'heave ho! . my lads, . set

on our lee, . And soon . a - cross . the o - cean clear . Our
 roll - ing sea, . And nev - er heart . more true or brave . Than
 ev - 'ry sail. . The har - bor bar . we soon shall clear, . Fare-

gal - lant barque. shall brave - ly . steer; . But ere we part . from
 he . who launch - es on . the . wave. . A - far he speeds in
 well . once more . to home . so . dear; . For when the tem - pest

England's shore to - night, . A song we'll sing . for home and beau - ty bright.
 dis - tant lands to roam; . With joc - und song . he rides the spar - kling foam. .
 rag - es loud and long, . That home shall be . our guid - ing star a - mong. .

SAILING (CONTINUED)

181

f

Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to his heart . so

true! Who will think of him up - on the wa -ters blue? .

mp

cres.

Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound-ing main; . For man - y a storm - y

wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a-gain. . Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound-ing

main; . For man - y a storm - y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain. .

MEMORIAL DAY

ELIZABETH LINCOLN GOULD

H. A. DONALD

Moderato

mp

1. Calm - ly at last they take . their rest, Soldiers whose bat - tles all . are
 2. He - roes who won, though sore - ly pressed, Sol - diers as brave who lost . the

won, He - roes whose cour - age stood the test, Brave hearts whose day . of
 fight, Vic - tor and van - quished lie . at rest, In mer - cy judged by

strife . is done. Peace - - - ful - ly sleep, . . .
 God's . clear sight.

Peace - ful - ly sleep. . . . peace - ful - ly sleep.

Sleep, . . . peace - ful - ly sleep. . . . Loved and hon - ored,

peace - ful - ly sleep.

dim - in - u - - en - - do

peace - ful - ly sleep, . . . Peace - ful - ly sleep, . . . peace - ful - ly sleep.

Peace - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly sleep.

ITALIAN HYMN

183

CHARLES WESLEY

Maestoso

FELICE DE GIARDINI

mf

1. Come, Thou All - might - y King! Help us Thy name : to sing;
2. Come, Thou all - gra - cious Lord, By heav'n and earth : a - dored,
3. Nev - er from us . de - part; Rule Thou in ev - 'ry heart,

Help us to praise! Fa - ther, all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend! Come, and Thy chil - dren bless, And give Thy
Hence, ev - er - more. Thy sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, - An - cient of Days.
word success; Make Thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend.
glo - ry see And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

SERENITY

JOHN G. WHITTIER

Espressivo

Arr. from WILLIAM V. WALLACE

mp

1. Im - mor - tal Love, for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flow-ing free, For -
2. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign, We

ev - er shared; for - ev - er whole, A nev - er - ebb - ing sea!
own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine.

REQUEST

ROBERT FRANZ

From the German
Sostenuto

p

1. Turn on me thine eye's dark ra-diance, Flood my heart . with ten-der . light,
2. Stars a - shine in . heav-ens lone - ly Oft . in dreams are friend-lier grown;

cres.

Ear-nest, mild, in . dream-like glo - ries, Like a . star-lit, bound-less night.
So thine eyes, a . dis - tant splen-dor, Close to . mine in dreams I've known.

mp

Weave a spell of . dark-ling mag - ie, Spir - it me to worlds a - far,
Eyes that search my . in - most be - ing, Read-ing there my loy - al . vow,

dim.

Where-in thou a - lone shalt rule me, Maid - en, thou . my guid-ing . star!
Deep - er glow in . sweet sur - ren - der, Dark eyes, would that dream were now!

From the BIBLE
Espressivo

PEACE

THOMAS KOSCHAT

p

1. The Lord is my shep-herd, no want shall I . know, He leads me in
2. A - bun-dance of glad-ness on me he . be - stows, With boun-ti - ful

pas-tures where cool. wa-ters flow. . Be - side the still wa-ters in
bless-ing my cup. o-ver - flows. . With joy has He crowned me in

cres. f dim.

safe - ty I rest; : With love and pro - tec-tion my spir - it is
days that are past : His good - ness and mer - cy for - ev - er will

blessed, last, With love and pro - tec-tion my spir - it is blessed.
His good - ness and mer - cy for - ev - er will last.

HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE
Andante

HENRY R. BISHOP

p

1. { 'Mid . pleas - ures and pal - aces . though we may roam, A .
Be it ev - er so hum - ble there's no . place like home. Which,
2. { An . ex - ile from home, . splendor daz - zles in vain; The .
Oh, . give . me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain. Give me

1. 2. 3.

There's

mf

1. 2. Fine *p* D. S. al Fine

charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there,
seek thro' the world, is not met with else - where. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
birds sing-ing gay - ly that come at my call,
them with that peace of mind dear - er than all. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

no place like home, There's no . place like home.

CHORAL

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH
from St. Matthew Passion

Moderato *mp*

Com - mit thy ways, O pil - grim On time's dark storm-y . . . seas, To

Him who or - ders. all . . . things Through sweet e - ter - ni - ties. Who

meas - ures . out their cours - es To clouds, winds, waves be - low, He,

too, . will find . a path - way, Where - in thy feet may go.

BY THE FIRELIGHT

M. B. WILLIS

Andante

GIUSEPPE VERDI

Arr. from the opera "Il Trovatore"

1. Slow - ly the day is go - ing, Deep - er the dusk is grow - ing,
2. Mur - murs of o - cean sing - ing Mem - 'ries of sum - mer bring - ing,

Twi-light is peace be - stow - ing O'er ev - 'ry field and stream.
 Ech - oes from wood - lands ring - ing, Dreams of the spring-time bright,

Here by the em - bers . glow - ing, Come, let us sit and dream.
 Thoughts of the flow'rs up - spring - ing, Soothe us with calm de - light.

JOY TO THE WORLD

ISAAC WATTS

Spiritoso

ANTIOCH

Arr. from HANDEL

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
 2. Joy to the earth! Je - ho - vah reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy; While
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the na - tions prove The

ev - 'ry heart . pre - pare Him room, . And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
 fields and floods, . rocks, hills, and plains, . Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re -
 glo - ries of . His right-eous-ness . And won-ders of His love, And

And heav'n and na-ture
 Re - peat the sound-ing
 And won-ders of His

cres.

heav'n and na - ture sing, And . heav'n, and heav'n . and na - ture sing.
 peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat . re - peat . the sound - ing joy.
 won-ders of His love, And . won - ders, won - ders of His love.

sing,
 joy,
 love,

And heav'n and na - ture sing,
 Re - peat the sound - ing
 And won - ders of His

and heav'n and na - ture sing,
 re - peat the sound - ing
 and won - ders of His

mf

A - mi - ci us - que, ad - a - ras, Deep grav-en on each heart,

Shall be found un - wav -'ring, true, When we from life shall part.

ALLELUIA

JOHN KEBLE
Moderato

REGENT SQUARE

HENRY SMART

mf

1. God the Lord a King re - main - eth, Robed in His own glo - rious light;
2. Lord, the words Thy lips are tell - ing Are the per - fect ver - i - ty;

God hath robed Him, and He reign-eth, He hath gird - ed . . . Him with might.
Of thine high e - ter - nal dwell-ing Ho - li - ness shall in - mate be!

mf

cres.

f

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God is King in . . . depth and height.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Pure is all that. dwells with Thee.

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